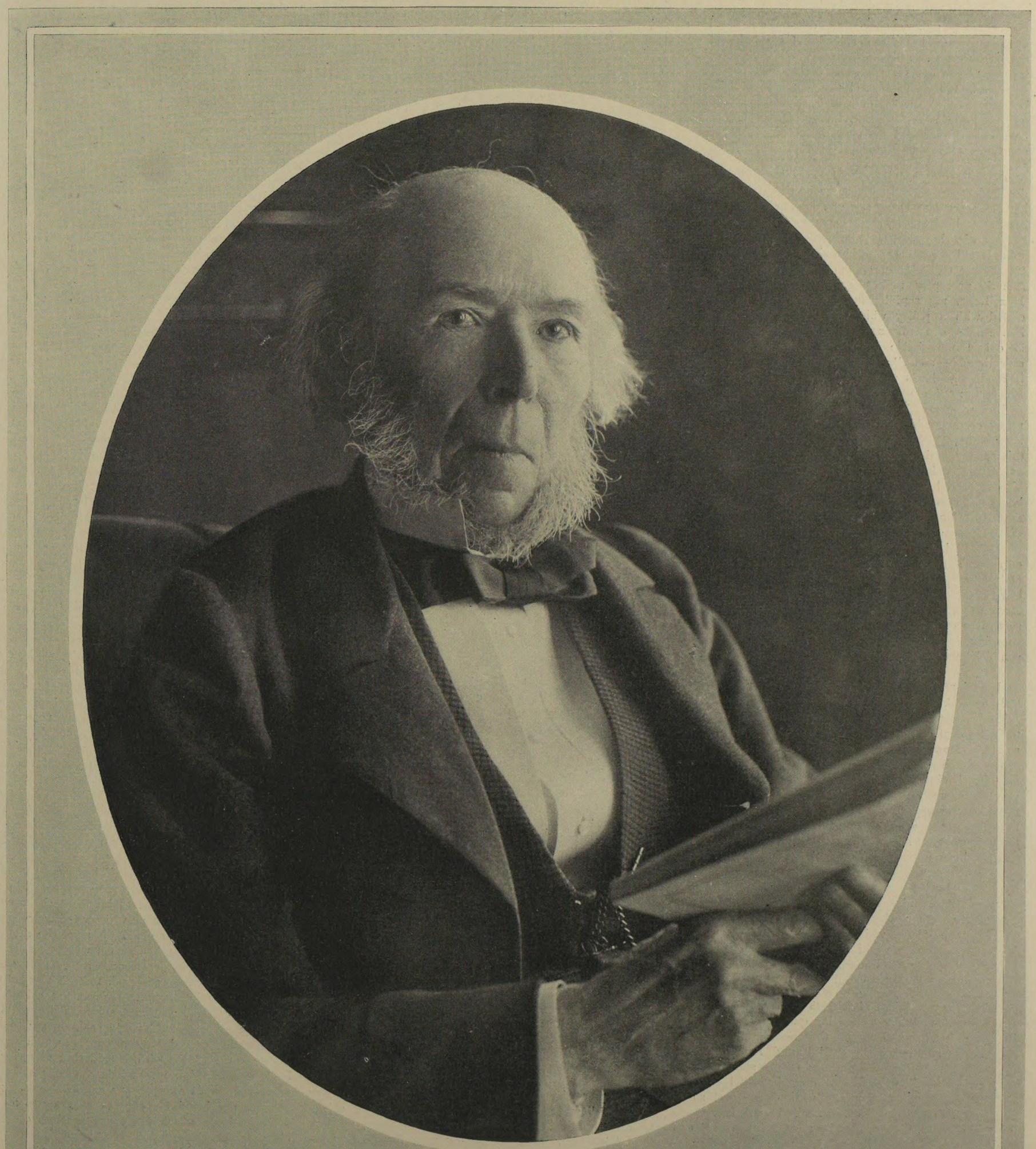
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LAST OF THE GREAT VICTORIAN THINKERS: HERBERT SPENCER, PHILOSOPHER.

BORN, APRIL 27, 1820; DIED, DECEMBER 8, 1903.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The fiscal controversy causes some heartburning to a gentleman who signs himself "Playgoer" in the *Westminster Gazette*. He has heard that in the Drury Lane pantomime there is to be a song in praise of Mr. Chamberlain. This, he thinks, will be very offensive to people who regard Mr. Chamberlain's policy as a national disaster. They will raise the voice of protest, and the ensuing diversions will be a very bad example for the "grown-ups" to set to the children. There is a decided flavour of Dr. Watts in "Playgoer's" letter; but I fear the case is even more shocking than he supposes. For what could be more in keeping with the spirit of pantomime from the child's point of view than a political row at Drury Lane? Whether Mr. Chamberlain's policy be a national disaster or not matters nothing at all to a healthy youngster; but he would be vastly delighted by a real pantomime "rally" in the audience; and to see the Protectionist gallery showering carrots on the Free Trade pit would be too splendid for anything! I am told that since the appearance of "Playgoer's" warning, there has been a great demand for the *Westminster* in those vivacious circles where the Christmas holidays form the chief topic of conversation. Though an eminently peaceful print, my pea-green friend has been eagerly scanned for more intimation of "larks" which promise to be riotous.

In "Playgoer's" household, I believe, there is a despondent feeling. In his letter he threatens to show his disapproval of Drury Lane by staying away; and to his family he has doubtless explained the grave moral reasons why they, too, must be denied this annual treat. I can imagine a malcontent in a short jacket murmuring, "But why can't we see Dan Leno?" To this the fatherly preceptor makes answer, "You cannot see Dan Leno, my son, because Dan Leno will be associated with a policy which is fraught with the most lamentable consequences to our native land. It is only too probable that Dan Leno will sing this objectionable song." Youthful Malcontent: "What if he does? He's sure to make it funny." Fatherly Preceptor: "I cannot allow the cause I have at heart, and to which I devote all my spare time for newspaper correspondence, to be made funny in the eyes of my children." Y. M.: "But Dan Leno makes everything funny, and we'll laugh just as much at Chamberlain as at your side." F. P. (grimly): "Will you indeed? Very impartial of you! But you do not understand, my boy, that this is a very serious issue, and might lead to the conflict of earnest persons, and the intervention of the police." Y. M.: "Hurrah! That's just what we want! Let's take a box and pelt the police with carrots!" F. P. (mournfully): "Am I not punished at last for the sins of a reckless boyhood? How often have I laughed when the pantomime mob has discharged the contents of costermongers' barrows at the representatives of law and order! And now my own son is yearning for Anarchy!" Y. M.: "Cheer up, guv. If you'll let us go, we'll 'boo' Chamberlain like mad!"

I conjure up this domestic scene with pain. It is sad to think that children prefer the humours of Dan Leno to sacred causes. It is sad to think that topical songs cannot be kept out of popular entertainments. How many earnest citizens, I wonder, have absented themselves from Daly's Theatre because of Mr. Rutland Barrington's lyrical comments on current events! If you try to escape from the fiscal controversy, and all its associations, by plunging into literature, what happens? I open that entertaining work, "The Creevey Papers," and the first page I light upon informs me that, in the year 1822, Joseph Hume was known among his political friends as "Our Joe"! Making a dash for the late Mr. Horsley's "Reminiscences of an Academician," I have not read very far when I learn that Hume invented the fourpenny-piece, which was called a "Joey." If fourpenny-pieces were still current, this nickname might be revived by Mr. Chamberlain's friends; or will they give it now to the four-pound loaf?

These suggestions, should they meet the eye of "Playgoer," may but deepen his gloom. Let me draw his attention, therefore, to the new and engaging scheme for combating the "High and Powerful Devil Solemnity." This is the purpose of the society called "The Dancers," who are to wear beautiful dresses, and banish fiscal melancholy with dance and song. No ballad in praise of Mr. Chamberlain, I fancy, will be admitted to their minstrelsy; but "Playgoer" can make sure of that before he pays his subscription. The dances, I gather, will be historical and illustrative—from the choric measure of the Greeks to the minuet: from the minuet to the cake-walk. This ensures a liberal education. When you feel that the "High and Powerful" demon is getting the upper hand, exorcise him on a polished floor. This was done in the Early Victorian 'Forties. Mr. Horsley describes in his Memoirs how the young men of that time, when dancing the quadrille, used to cut capers, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the Paris students. We associate the Early Victorian era with everything that was prim; and yet it was the era of the high kick. When the polka came in, says Mr. Horsley, it enslaved the giddy and the staid. For its merry jigging no one was too solemn or too stout. Under a settee in a fashionable ball-room lurked "a barrel of Bass's ale, always on tap." You lifted the chintz valance, filled the bumper fair, and drank confusion to the pompous and the dull.

Sixty years ago, England was the land of the free. Imagine the frozen horror of an evening party now, if you disclosed a beer-barrel under the settee! Who dreams of cutting capers, or of the polka save as an amusement for children? Perhaps the "Dancers" will restore these delights. We may yet hear of statesmen, philosophers, even editors, taking the cure for solemnity. I could make a list of distinguished persons to whom this prescription would be far more invigorating than any German Spa. Do you think there would be so much red tape in the public service if the permanent officials would practise the cake-walk? Would not a general diffusion of affable manners reward the assiduous cultivation of the minuet instead of golf? When a man finds his bulk growing oppressive, he reduces it by a course of Turkish baths. Why not take it down with the polka, as the bigwigs did not disdain to do when John Horsley was young—and some superfluous dignity along with it?

"Faithless Jeames of Buckley Square" has a club now in that exalted quarter; but if he likes its social atmosphere, he must have changed a good deal. A writer in the *Times*, who has inspected this institution, is inclined to suspect that Thackeray's Jeames was a perfidious creation, and that Mr. Barrie's Bill Crichton is no better. Certainly, the flunkey who was false to Mary Jane and who addressed to a damsel of the aristocracy the immortal lines—

> R Hangeline,
> R lady mine,
> Dost thou remember Jeames?—

certainly he could never have entered the portals of the club in Upper Berkeley Street. Mr. Crichton, when he read the article in the *Times*, could have felt no desire to relinquish his public-house at the fashionable end of the Harrow Road in order to qualify for membership. "One knows vaguely," says the *Times*, "that the world of servants has its etiquette and its rules of precedence, as rigid as those of Burke or Debrett, although their exact nature may be hidden from us." But in Upper Berkeley Street there is no etiquette and no precedence. "A pantry-boy, of course you know, Sir, is everybody's lackey," said "an eminently dignified and respectable butler" to the representative of the *Times*; "and the butler is, as you may say, the head of all the male servants; but pantry-boys and butlers are equals here."

I can imagine Mr. Crichton's comment on this doctrine. "Contrary to the laws of nature," he will remark to Tweeny, as he fills his pipe in the bar-parlour. "The laws of nature cannot be altered, especially in Upper Berkeley Street. If the pantry-boy is everybody's lackey, how can he meet the butler at the club on terms of equality? I don't think he would have tried it on with me; eh, Tweeny?" She responds with a little shriek of wonder at the bare idea of such profanity. "I wonder now," muses Crichton, "what can be that eminently dignified and respectable butler's little game." "Kiddin' the kind-'earted lydy what runs the club," suggests Tweeny. "My dear Tweeny," says her husband, "you must not say 'kiddin'"—it's vulgar!" But it may be that Crichton has not observed the signs of the times. Butlers may have grown weak since he withdrew from the profession, and pantry-boys may have thrown off the shackles of abject servitude. There are recreations at the club, I notice; billiards, but no beer. The pantry-boy may cut his capers; but there is no Bass under the settee! "Periodical lectures" improve the mind. "Evolution and Butlers" would make a theme indicative of modern progress; or "Jeames as a Solar Myth."

There is a sad lack of the modern spirit in some popular French writers. I have been reading a little play by M. Georges Courteline, in which a husband who writes serial fiction at three-halfpence a line is worried by a frivolous wife. He takes his revenge by imposing fines for her misbehaviour, and deducting them from her monthly allowance. Her threat to leave him he receives with resignation. Then she confesses that she has forged his name to a promissory note for £6 in payment for an ornamental lamp, which was smashed on the way home. This, of course, is the opportunity for the three-halfpenny-a-liner to show his superior sense and magnanimity. But it is many years since Norah Helmer forged her husband's name in Ibsen's play, and the world has moved on since then, dear M. Courteline. Nobody except you believes any longer that women are such fools.

HERBERT SPENCER.

We have now lost the last great man of the nineteenth century. Though philosophers are not so popularly interesting in England as in some other countries, Herbert Spencer had become widely known; for his works covered such an extensive range of speculation that it became impossible to pursue thoroughly any kind of inquiry without being confronted by his ideas. The three volumes of his "Sociology," indeed, are of such interest and so entertaining that even the general reader would be well acquainted with them if their bulk were not a deterrent. Few men nowadays begin six hundred pages with a light heart—looking forward to twelve hundred more.

It is often made a reproach against English philosophy that it is deficient in system and comprehensiveness. Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Mill produced epoch-making works upon the human understanding, human nature, logic; but none of them had the synoptic genius that Plato required in the philosopher. They did not survey all time and all existence. Hobbes was the only man that attempted this insupportable task. But there was a good reason for the others' abstention. It has been characteristic of our thinkers to regard man as a natural phenomenon; but until the middle of last century the progress of the physical and biological sciences did not afford enough grounds to justify such an audacious view. First about the time that Herbert Spencer came to maturity, the general condition of scientific knowledge made it possible to offer an explanation upon common principles of all things in the world, from the solar system to a modern civilised State; and this, in the famous prospectus of his works published in 1860, he undertook to do. It can never be said again that no English mind has conceived and carried out a comprehensive system of philosophy.

Though trained as a civil engineer, and addicted (one might have supposed) to mathematical and mechanical investigations, the earliest written of the works now constituting his "System of Synthetic Philosophy" dealt with the mind. Such a beginning was according to our tradition. As if the human mind could be understood if the rest of Nature remained in obscurity! But next appeared his "First Principles," in which he drew the outlines of all his philosophical ideas. Here we find the great law of evolution; though, in fact, it is not properly a law, but rather a description of the process of the world—a statement which, judiciously interpreted, holds good of the change of the original nebula into a heaven of stars; of the formation of the solar system and the cooling of our own planet; of the development of animals and plants; of the mind of man and of societies of man, with all their beliefs and institutions. One formula covers all these facts; and the remaining volumes of his system—two on biology, two on psychology, three on sociology, and two on ethics—illustrate the universal truth of the formula.

With the theory of evolution Darwin's name is more widely associated than Spencer's, and it is generally held that his doctrines are more solidly built and thoroughly proved. But Darwin's work covers far less ground—namely, biology and some problems of psychology. He worked always within his own ground. It was impossible that Spencer should have an equally sure knowledge at first hand of all the vast regions that he ventured to explore. If it be said that in that case he should not have ventured, the reply is that philosophy could never have existed upon prudential maxims. It is essentially daring. As Aristotle says, we must not listen to those who advise us as mortals to be content with mortal things. The worst a philosopher can do is to prepare the way for others even by his own failure. But it would be atrociously unjust to call Spencer's speculations a failure.

As the "First Principles" has run to 11,000 copies, it must be widely known. Anyone who has not read it may be recommended to begin at the second part. The first part is taken up with metaphysical reasonings which do not throw much light upon the sequel, and in which (to tell the truth) Spencer was by no means at his best. For metaphysics is a literary, traditionary thing, and Spencer's reading in such matters was not extensive nor even very intelligent. He was not a bookish man. His imagination, vast and subtle, delighted in facts; and all the facts of the world seem to have lain spread out there in that order and proportion which he has made known to us. Although it is said that scientific pursuits lead men to think in symbols, Spencer seems to have preserved an extraordinary visualising power; and in spite of the heaviness of his style (due to the practice of dictation), whether he is treating of geological changes, or the growth of tree-trunks, or the play of human thought and motive, the whole scene is manifestly realised by himself and pictorially presented to the reader.

Spencer's social ideas are not popular: he was an extreme individualist. He believed that competition is the only means of insuring that the best men shall come to the front, and that the efficiency and happiness of mankind depend upon the survival of the fittest.

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

In the pending by-elections the fiscal issue is taking curious turns. At Dulwich, Dr. Rutherfoord Harris has openly deserted the Tariff Reform League. Major Coates, the Ministerial candidate for the Lewisham Division, takes a cautious line, but he expresses warm sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's ideal. In these constituencies there is a large body of electors with small, fixed incomes; and it will be instructive to note how they view what Mr. Balfour has called "a deep and genuine change in our fiscal system."

Lord Selborne, speaking at Edinburgh, warned the Scottish Unionists that the break-up of the Unionist party might involve the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin, which could not be suppressed without a civil war, whereas a tariff might be adopted and changed by a simple vote of the representatives of the people. Mr. Bryce, who is almost as indefatigable on the platform as Mr. Asquith, said at Aberdeen there was nothing against Free Trade but the opinion of one man, who had been mistaken nearly all his life, and that the movement for tariff reform was "a tangled web of sordid intrigue and personal aggrandisement."

The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has visited Liège to study the conditions under which Belgian tram-rails are made for the London County Council, reports that the cheapness of these articles is due chiefly to the use of basic instead of Bessemer steel. Further, the wages of the workmen are lower and the hours of work longer than could be sanctioned in contract with a British manufacturer. Mr. W. H. Mallock, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, maintains that, in the interests of British agriculture, Mr. Chamberlain's proposed duty of two shillings on foreign wheat should be increased to sixteen, and that fourteen shillings should be paid by Colonial wheat. Lord Masham affirms in the *Times* that we are importing more woollen textiles than we export, and that "unless we can secure the Colonial trade, there is nothing but ruin for our great wool industry." But for our trade to the Colonies and British possessions, which has increased at the rate of two millions a year for the last fifteen years, this country, says Lord Masham, would now be in dire distress. "And yet the chatterers — the schoolboy chatterers, for they are nothing better—say: 'See how prosperous we are!'" Lord Masham's style is breezy.

The necessity for keeping abreast of the times in fiscal matters is duly noted by astute publishers, and among the latest brochures is one issued by Mr. Grant Richards, containing Mr. Chamberlain's speeches since May last.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY," REVIVED AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Those who are interested in the development of Mr. Barrie as dramatist—and their name must be legion—have an excellent opportunity just now of comparing his earlier and later styles. At Wyndham's Theatre still runs that audacious jest about "Little Mary," in which the Thrums idyllist has contrived to express at length his whimsical personality. At the St. James's, Mr. Willard has revived this week an older and sentimental Barrie comedy. Sentiment—but not that of "Sentimental Tommy"—was long the weak point of Mr. Barrie's plays, though it no doubt earned them their popularity. But even in "The Professor's Love Story" there is ample evidence of that instinctive, if rather childish, stagecraft which is now so familiar; there is a full supply of that quaint humour, especially as applied to peasant types, which gave life to Mr. Barrie's most immature efforts.

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS," AT KENNINGTON.

A play which, like Mr. John Rutherford's "Breed of the Treshams," begins by relying on that rush of adventure that should mark all good cape-and-sword melodrama, and then resorts to the tricky sensationalism of a torture-scene done off the stage, which combines in its hero much that is stale and stagey with more that is romantically extravagant, is not altogether an easy thing to appraise. This much is plain, that if Mr. Martin Harvey had not appeared already in "The Only Way," if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not revived the swaggering, dare-devil type of gallant, if Sardou had not subjected La Tosca's lover to the agony of burning iron, Mr. Rutherford's drama would never have been written at all. What is equally clear is that the whole interest of the play depends on a single lurid and unharmonised character. Raresby "the Rat" is something of a seventeenth-century Sidney Carton, but he is not merely a dissipated ne'er-do-well stirred to self-sacrifice by hopeless love: he is a rank traitor to his own (the Cavalier) cause, who yet has the gay courage of a d'Artagnan, and suffers torture in vainly attempting to undo his own rascalities. Here is a part at once suited and unsuited to Mr. Harvey's accomplished talents. Neither physique nor temperament makes him an ideal swashbuckler. But his incisive diction, his sense of the picturesque, and his general alertness lend distinction to his newest impersonation, and the careful intensity of his acting and the brio which Mr. Rutherford has given his raffish hero promise success for "The Breed of the Treshams" elsewhere than at Kennington, where this week the piece has been enthusiastically welcomed.

LAST WEEK'S BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

The latest Covent Garden ball, which was held on the night of Friday last, Dec. 4, may not have been conspicuous for any remarkable originality to be found in the designs of its fancy dresses, but many of them had the merit of possessing either a topical or a seasonable interest. Chief among the prize-winning costumes was one of Mr. Clarkson's creating (he as usual shared the honours with Madame Jeanne), called "The Man of the Moment," and, as if that term were not sufficiently eloquent, given the sub-title of "Fiscal Problem."

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ON DECEMBER 24 and 31, to North Eastern Stations and Scotland.

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At 1.30 p.m. to Colchester, Clacton-on-Sea, Ipswich, Norwich, Cromer, Beccles, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.
At 7.10 p.m. to Ipswich, Diss, Tivetshall, Norwich, Woodbridge, Saxmundham, Halesworth, Beccles, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.
At 9.25 p.m. to Southend-on-Sea, Braintree, Maldon, Colchester, Ipswich, &c.

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At 12.25 night to Norwich, Wells, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth, via Cambridge.
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CHRISTMAS DAY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25.

At 5.8 a.m. to Brentwood, Chelmsford, Witham, Colchester, Manningtree, and Ipswich.
At 8.5 a.m. to Bishops Stortford, Braintree, Saffron Walden, Haverhill, Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Mildenhall, St. Ives, Ramsey, Peterborough, Wisbech, Lynn, Hunstanton, Swaffham, Dereham, Wells, Wymondham, Thetford, Norwich, &c.
At 9.4 a.m. to Colchester, Sudbury, Bury, Brightlingsea, Ipswich, Eye, Woodbridge, Wickham Market, Framlingham, Saxmundham, Aldeburgh, Halesworth, Beccles, Bungay, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.

BOXING DAY, DECEMBER 26.

Some of the trains will be cancelled or modified.
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TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT ISLINGTON.

The Smithfield Club Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall opened on Dec. 7, and *éclat* was lent to the proceedings by a visit from his Majesty the King. King Edward, who drove from St. Pancras Station, accompanied by the Earl of Denbigh and Captain Holford, was received at the Hall by Prince Christian, Sir Nigel Kingscote, president of the club, and members of the executive. The King inspected the prize-winners and discussed various points of interest with the committee. The royal visit was anything but a flying one, and testified to his Majesty's practical interest in agriculture and the rearing of fat stock. The King's own exhibits were numerous, and have taken several first prizes.



Photo. Beckett.

A SPANISH MINSTER THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION: TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

THE KAISER'S HEALTH.

In view of what physicians call the family history of a case, it is not surprising that rumours of evil foreboding should have gone abroad regarding the probable tendency of his Imperial Majesty's disorder. It is, however, reassuring to learn on the high authority of the German Embassy to the Court of St. James's that all goes well with the Kaiser, although a period of rest will be necessary before he can regain the complete use of his voice. The *Hohenzollern* is being fitted for sea, which is taken as an indication that his Majesty contemplates a Mediterranean cruise.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

The annual Message of the President of the United States to Congress was communicated on Dec. 7. President Roosevelt remarks that the establishment of a Department for Commerce and Labour marks a real advance in the direction of doing all that is possible for the solution of questions affecting capitalists and wage-workers. Constant watchfulness is needed to secure for Americans the best advantages in foreign trade. Honest corporations need not fear publicity. About the welfare of the corporations which shrink from the light there need be no over-sensitiveness. Means must be devised to exclude undesirables from the country, and, as regards citizenship, the President calls attention to recent naturalisation frauds. He declares the Alaskan Boundary arbitration completely satisfactory in every way, and he eulogises the peaceful settlement of disputes. He criticises severely the Army system which promotes a cadet during his College career by merit alone, but after he has entered the service prevents him from profiting by his ability or suffering for perfunctory discharge of duty. For the Navy, he would desire to see a general staff established. He defends the Government recognition of the new Republic of Panama, and declares that the Canal route is now finally decided.

TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

The architectural health of Toledo Cathedral is causing anxiety to its curators. Fortunately, the first reports were, as usual, exaggerated, and the roof of the splendid mediæval structure has not given way. A timely fall of plaster has, however, drawn attention to certain rents in the masonry. Señor Alcantara, accompanied by other architectural experts, has inspected the building, and finds that the tower, the nave, the roof, and several columns must be promptly repaired. This would, of course, be undertaken were it not that Toledo, like most Spanish cathedrals, cannot lay its hands upon the wherewithal; but it is to be hoped that some public benefactor may be found to save the minster from ruin.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

Sport in its highest and best form has ever been the privilege of Kings and Princes, although nowadays millionaires may claim to surpass even monarchs in the excellence of their hunting-grounds; but the kingly sportsman is always something of a heroic figure provided he brings to the character a fair measure of accomplishment. That our Kings and Princes and even our Princesses possess this goes without saying, and some record of their prowess will be found in our Illustrated Supplement.

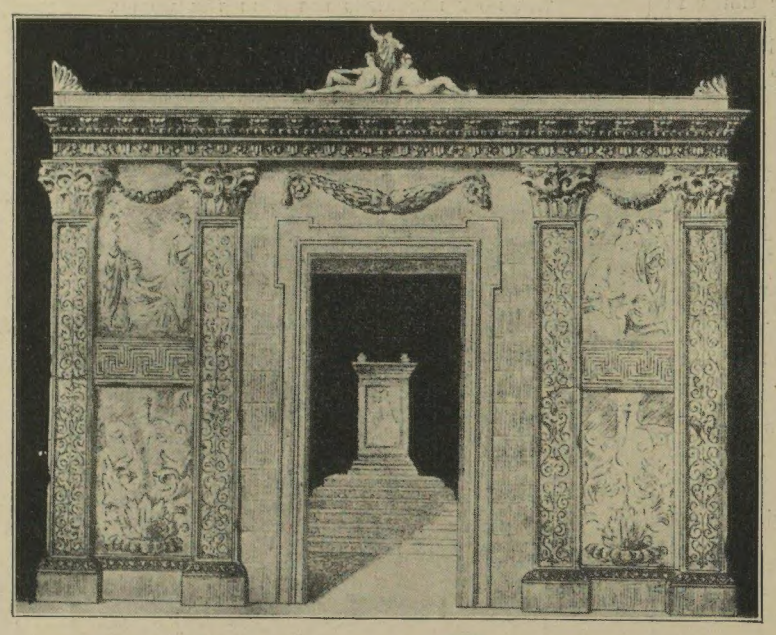
THE WRECK OF THE "FLORA."

His Majesty's cruiser *Flora*, one of the Pacific Squadron, went ashore on Dec. 3 on Denman Island. The vessel had just coaled at Comax, and was proceeding to the firing-grounds when she ran upon some low-lying rocks at a spot called Village Point. The dangerous locality is marked by two beacons, and it is owing to one of these being mistaken for the other that the accident occurred. No lives were lost. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to refloat the vessel, and her fate is for the present doubtful. The *Flora* was launched at Pembroke in 1893. She is a second-class cruiser of 4360 tons and a speed of 19·5 knots per hour. She carries two 6-in. quick-firing guns, eight 4·7 in. guns, eight 6-pounders, one 3-pounder, and four torpedo-tubes. In November 1902 she was commissioned by Captain J. C. Baker, who commands her on the Pacific Station.



Photo. Beckett.

TOLEDO CATHEDRAL: MAIN AISLE, SHOWING THE ROOF WHICH HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED INSECURE.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A ROMAN MONUMENT: THE ARA PACIS.

The Altar of Peace, discovered near the Via Flaminia, was built in the time of Augustus to celebrate the universal peace of the first century of the Empire. It was built of Carrara marble. It will be restored from the original materials.

BRITISH PURCHASE OF CHILIAN WAR-SHIPS.

The system that procures goods ready made seems to have been adopted by the Admiralty, for that august body has just purchased two war-ships, which have been completed for the Chilian Government by British shipbuilders. The vessels are named the *Constitucion* and the *Libertad*, but English names will be found for them in due course. The *Constitucion* was built at the Elswick Works by Messrs. Armstrong, and the *Libertad* at Barrow by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim. In proportion to their size, the ships are the most powerfully armed fighting craft in the world. They are each of about 11,000 tons burden, and their total broadside is over 15,000 lb. of metal. Since the purchase was concluded, the *Libertad* has proved herself at her steam trials quite the fastest battle-ship afloat.

THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM.

There are dubious speculations about the possible developments of the situation in the Far East. Japan may decide to fight Russia now, and China may seize the opportunity to pay off some urgent scores against the actual possessors of Manchuria. Will this course of events compel France to take a hand? If France should help Russia, then the Anglo-Japanese Treaty will require Great Britain to intervene. Given all these assumptions, a very alarming situation can be conjured up. It is not so terrifying when a few rational considerations are taken into account. Why on earth should France go to war with England merely because some Chinese mandarin, or even the Empress-Dowager herself, starts hostilities in Manchuria? It is ludicrous to suppose that the Dual Alliance will force France to do anything so crazy. She will leave Russia to fight Japan and China as well, rather than imperil her good relations with England. Any other course would be suicidal. It is



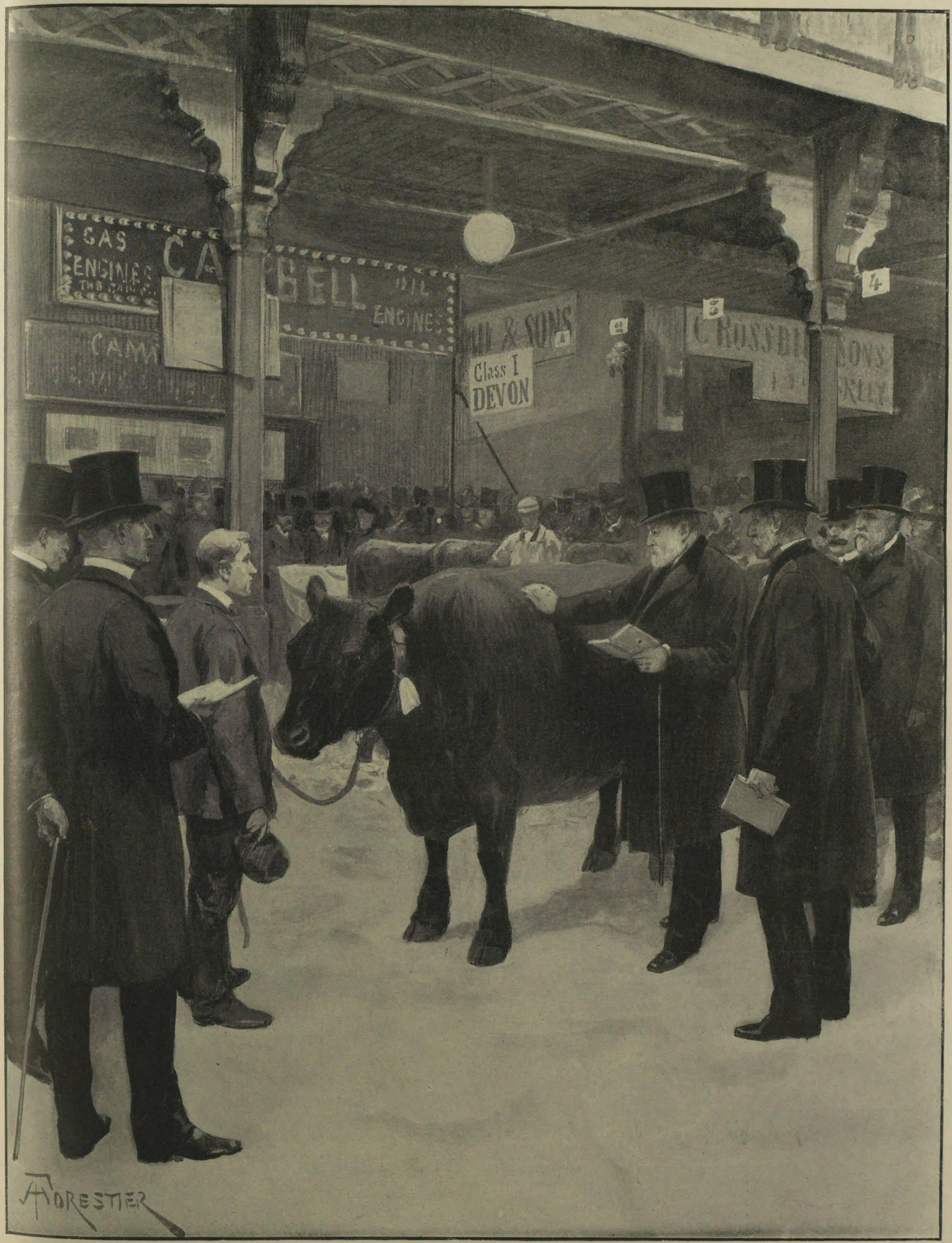
1. East Africa and Uganda, 2 Annas.
2. Korean Emperor's Jubilee Stamp (issue postponed).
3. Costa Rica 6 Cents.
4. Soudan Provisional 5 Milliemes Surcharged on 5 Piastres.
5. British Central Africa 1d.
6. Costa Rica 4 Cents.
7. Costa Rica 25 Cents.
8, 9, 10. Korean Stamps Reduced by Surcharge (in Chinese Characters) to 1, 2, and 3 Cheun.
11. Costa Rica 5 Cents "Postage Due."

NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS: BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Specimens supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich.

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE SMITHFIELD CLUB'S 105TH ANNUAL SHOW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE KING AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, DECEMBER 7: HIS MAJESTY EXAMINING MR. CRIDLAN'S "TWIN BEN," THE BEST ABERDEEN ANGUS STEER.

said that if France does not help Russia, Germany will. The idea of Germany taking up arms in order to provoke England to aid Japan is even sillier than the other. Germany would like the other Powers to fight, in order that she may profit. It would not displease her to see England and France in the death-grips of a costly and exhausting war. But as neither England nor France is governed by idiots, this ambition will not be gratified.

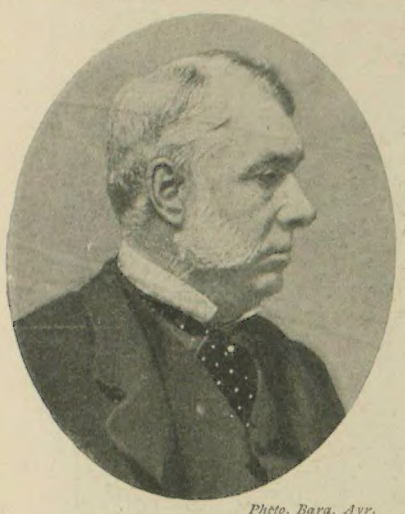


Photo. Bara, Ayr.

THE LATE EARL OF STAIR, THE RT. HON. JOHN HAMILTON DALRYMPLE, K.T.

THE TIBET EXPEDITION.

A very extraordinary solution has been found to the mystery of the Chinese envoy's non-appearance at the point where he was to have met the British mission which went out to settle the questions concerning grazing rights on the Tibetan frontier. The mission, as is well known, waited in vain for the Chinese representative's appearance, and news has now reached Khamba Jong that he had committed suicide, and that his successor died on his journey to the British camp. The story may or may not be a piece of subtle Chinese diplomacy, for it is more than likely that an envoy was never sent. As regards the British expedition, Colonel Younghusband and Colonel Macdonald will shortly leave Darjeeling for the Chumbi Valley.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

Paris, with the courteous co-operation of some of her more pugnacious citizens, sustains her reputation as the city of bloodless duels. Why not? Who are MM. Thomeguex and Barré that they should endanger a reputation as well guarded as the fair Lutetia's? M. Thomeguex, the famous duellist, is insulted because M. Barré, fencing-master of Melun, did not invite him to a fencing festivity. They fight at Neuilly for thirty-five minutes. Neither is scratched. The director advocates a reconciliation. Honour is satisfied—and so, by the way, is advertisement.

M. PELLETAN'S ALLEGED INDISCRETION.

The French Minister of Marine has been represented by some of the more sensational newspapers as having offered an insult to Great Britain in a speech delivered at a dinner of the Molé Society. He is said to have asserted that Gibraltar was a contemptible fortress and that nothing could be easier than its capture by the French. The report, fortunately, turns out to be incorrect, and the society has issued an official communication to the effect that neither in the toast which M. Pelletan gave nor in the very cordial conversation which followed the dinner did he say what has been attributed to him. The denial is, however, not accepted by all the Paris papers, and the *Liberté* goes so far as to say that too many persons heard the Minister's statement for his defence to be of any use. As the same time it is significant that M. Joseph Reinach, who was present at the banquet, not only published the official denial in the *Figaro*, but supported it by a personal corroboration.

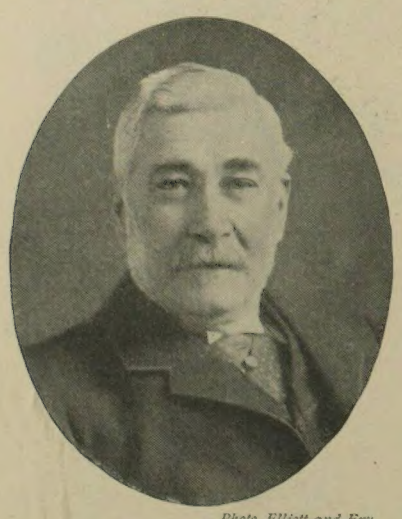


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR J. G. LEE STEERE, FORMER SPEAKER, WEST AUSTRALIAN LEGISLATURE.

SERVIA.

Lapse of time does not secure King Peter upon his throne or render his position any easier. He is secretly opposed by a large number of officers who did not favour the assassinations, and the assassins in turn are scheming for the overthrow of their opponents, against whom they desire stringent measures to be taken. The present Cabinet, being out of sympathy with this course, seem likely to make it the occasion of their resignation. The sittings of the Skupshtina have been marked by unseemly incidents of the Eastern European pattern, and one deputy has slapped another's face. Queen Draga's sisters have advertised her late Majesty's jewels for sale in England.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir John R. Robinson, who died somewhat suddenly on Nov. 30, was widely known and deservedly respected as an able journalist and as a shrewd and energetic business manager, professions seldom in agreement, and still less frequently united in one man. Associated with the *Daily News* for many years, he for a time added editorial to managerial responsibility, a task made possible by his possession of that indefinable quality "journalistic instinct," that is so valuable an asset to the newspaper-man. Sir John, who was born at Witham, in Essex, in 1828, was the son of the Rev. Richard Robinson, a Congregational minister, and was educated at the denominational school at Lewisham. His first engagement on the Press was as a reporter on a Bedford journal. This was followed by the sub-editorship of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* and the editorship of the *Express*, an evening newspaper at that time owned by the proprietors of the *Daily News*. While holding the first of these positions, Sir John wrote London letters to two provincial papers, and was a regular contributor to the *Boston Advertiser* and the *Chicago Tribune*; even continuing a part of the work after his transference to the *Express*. In 1868 his direct connection with the *Daily News*—then reduced in price to a penny—began by his appointment as sole manager, and was characterised by considerable enterprise. The outbreak of the Franco-German War afforded him his opportunity, and for the first time in the history of newspapers news from the front was telegraphed in full. From June 1887 until 1896 he was editor as well as manager, 1893 being marked by a knighthood in recognition of his assistance to the Liberal cause. Sir John married the daughter of Mr. W. Granger, of Wickham Bishops, in 1859.

The Right Hon. John Hamilton Dalrymple, tenth Earl of Stair, Viscount Dalrymple in the peerage of Scotland, and Lord Oxenfoord in the peerage of the United Kingdom, died at Lochinch Castle on Dec. 3, in his eighty-fifth year. He was formerly in the Scots Guards, and at the time of his death held a Captaincy in the Royal Scottish Archers. Since 1851 he was Lord Lieutenant of Wigtownshire, and since 1884 Chancellor of Glasgow University. From 1841 to 1856 he sat as Liberal member for Wigtownshire, and from 1869 to 1871 was Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was also Chairman of the Bank of Scotland. The late Earl married Louisa, daughter of Duc de Coigny, in 1846.

The Rev. John William Diggle, appointed to the Archdeaconry of Birmingham, void by the appointment of the Bishop Suffragan of Coventry to the See of Manchester, has been Rector of Birmingham since 1902, and Rural Dean since 1903. He was born at Pendleton on March 2, 1847, and educated at Manchester Grammar School and at Merton College, Oxford. Ordained in 1871, he has been curate at Whalley Range, in Liverpool, Walton, and Mossley Hill, Rural Dean of Childwall, Hon. Canon of Liverpool, Canon of Carlisle and Archdeacon of Westmorland, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle and to the Bishop of Worcester. In 1891 he was President of the Liverpool Council of Education, and in 1899 Select Preacher at Oxford. He has been twice married: in 1874 to Cicely Jane, daughter of Mr. John Butterfield; and in 1884 to Edith Moss, daughter of Mr. Gilbert W. Moss.

By the death of Sir James George Lee Steere on Dec. 1, Australia lost one of her most prominent citizens, a member of the Federal Council, and the Speaker of the West Australian Legislative Assembly. Sir James, who was born in 1830, was the third son of the late Lee Steere, J.P., D.L., of Ockley, Surrey, was knighted in 1888, and created K.C.M.G. in 1900.

WAR HONOURS.

The miscarriage of the despatches in which the services of the Natal local forces were brought to notice during the transfer of the command-in-chief in South Africa from Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to General Lord Kitchener, and the consequent publication of an addendum to the list of South African War Honours issued on April 16, 1901, will doubtless provide a peg upon which the seeker after "efficiency" can hang a case, but it will allay any disappointment the Natal Forces may have felt, and this is of vastly greater importance. Eighteen officers and men are now mentioned "for meritorious services performed." Major George Leuchars, Umvoti Mounted Rifles, is created a C.M.G.; Major F. A. W. Sangmeister becomes a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order; two officers are promoted to honorary ranks, and three troopers receive the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field.

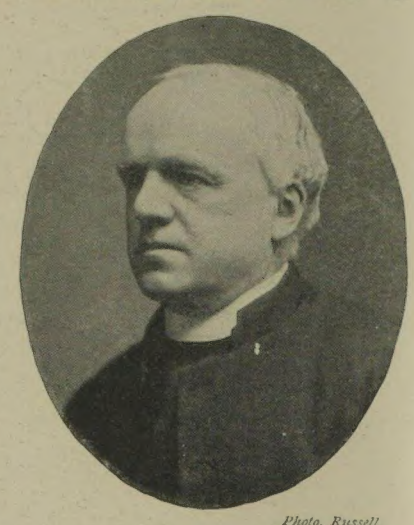


Photo. Russell.

THE REV. J. W. DIGGLE, NEW ARCHDEACON OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE RETURN OF KING FOG.

The comparative freedom of London from fogs of the old-fashioned "particular" order had, during recent years, given birth to the ill-founded hope that the fiend had been exorcised, but the morning of Dec. 5 brought a cruel disillusionment. The outer suburbs awoke to a veil of thick white mist, but this did not give City men any idea of what they were to find on reaching the heart of the Metropolis. There, there was darkness as of Erebus. Such sky as there was, was of the murkiest yellow hue, gradually changing to pitchy blackness as the morning advanced. Railway and street traffic was utterly disorganised, and omnibuses, after hopeless floundering and several collisions, drew up at the kerbstone to wait for brighter times. Before noon, however, the worst was over, and by midday daylight was restored. Future generations may probably dethrone King Fog by science, and in the meantime we illustrate a method which Sir Oliver Lodge has employed with success during experiments at Liverpool.



Photo. Bender and Lewis.

MISS BERTHA CAVE, THE UNSUCCESSFUL APPLICANT FOR ADMISSION TO GRAY'S INN.

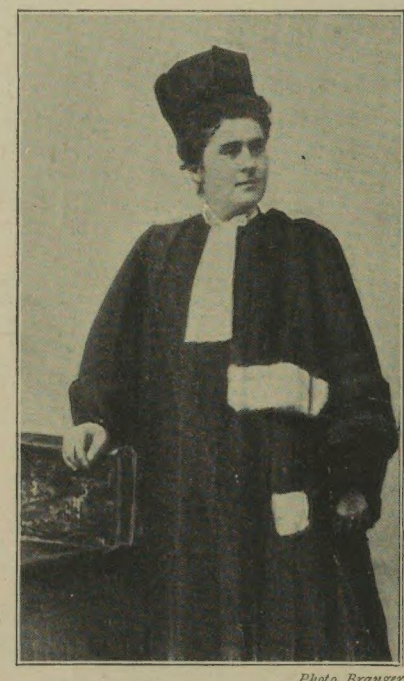


Photo. Branger.

MADEMOISELLE DILHAN, THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF A MURDERER AT TOULOUSE.

LADY LAWYERS, UNCALLED AND CALLED: AN ENGLISH ASPIRANT AND A SUCCESSFUL FRENCH PRACTITIONER.

PORTIA.

There is at least one lady in Paris who pleads professionally in the courts. Another woman member of the French Bar, Mdlle. Dilhan, has moved a jury at Toulouse to treat a murder as a mere case of assault. But no Englishwoman is yet allowed to show that she can be equally persuasive. Miss Cave pleaded eloquently before the Judges her claim to be admitted to the Bar. The Judges listened with interest, but decided that the Benchers of Gray's Inn, who had refused to enrol Miss Cave as a member, were within their rights. Evidently women will never become barristers in this country except by special statute. There seems to be little chance at present of such legislation. A private member of Parliament might introduce a Bill; but it would scarcely commend itself to the host of lawyers in the House of Commons, and the Government would treat it with indifference. In this matter we lag behind France and the United States, where there are said to be plenty of ladies practising law. Here there is no popular demand for Portia, and a powerful corporation of selfish men has not the smallest desire to recognise her as competitor.

AFRICA.

From the Soudan comes news that Colonel Mahon has successfully concluded an expedition against a false Mahdi. The prophet, who was an intelligent man of about forty years of age, was captured, taken to El Obeid, tried, and hanged. From Somaliland an account reaches us of an engagement between Commander Gaunt's naval force and four hundred Somalis. The Commander was wounded, but is likely to recover. His mission was to investigate the death of the Italian Lieutenant Grabau, who was killed by the Somalis at Durbo. It has been found that the incident is in no way connected with the British operations against the Mullah. The Italian authorities declare that they will leave nothing undone in order to safeguard the interests of the protected districts. General Manning continues his advance.

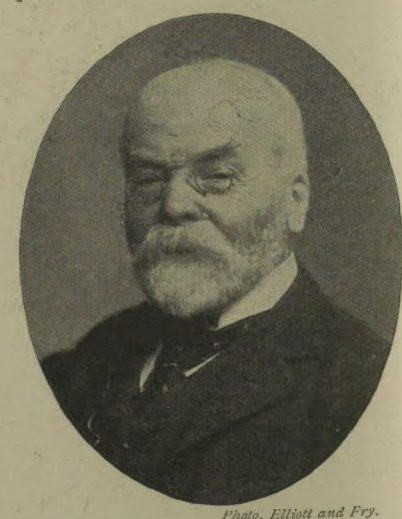
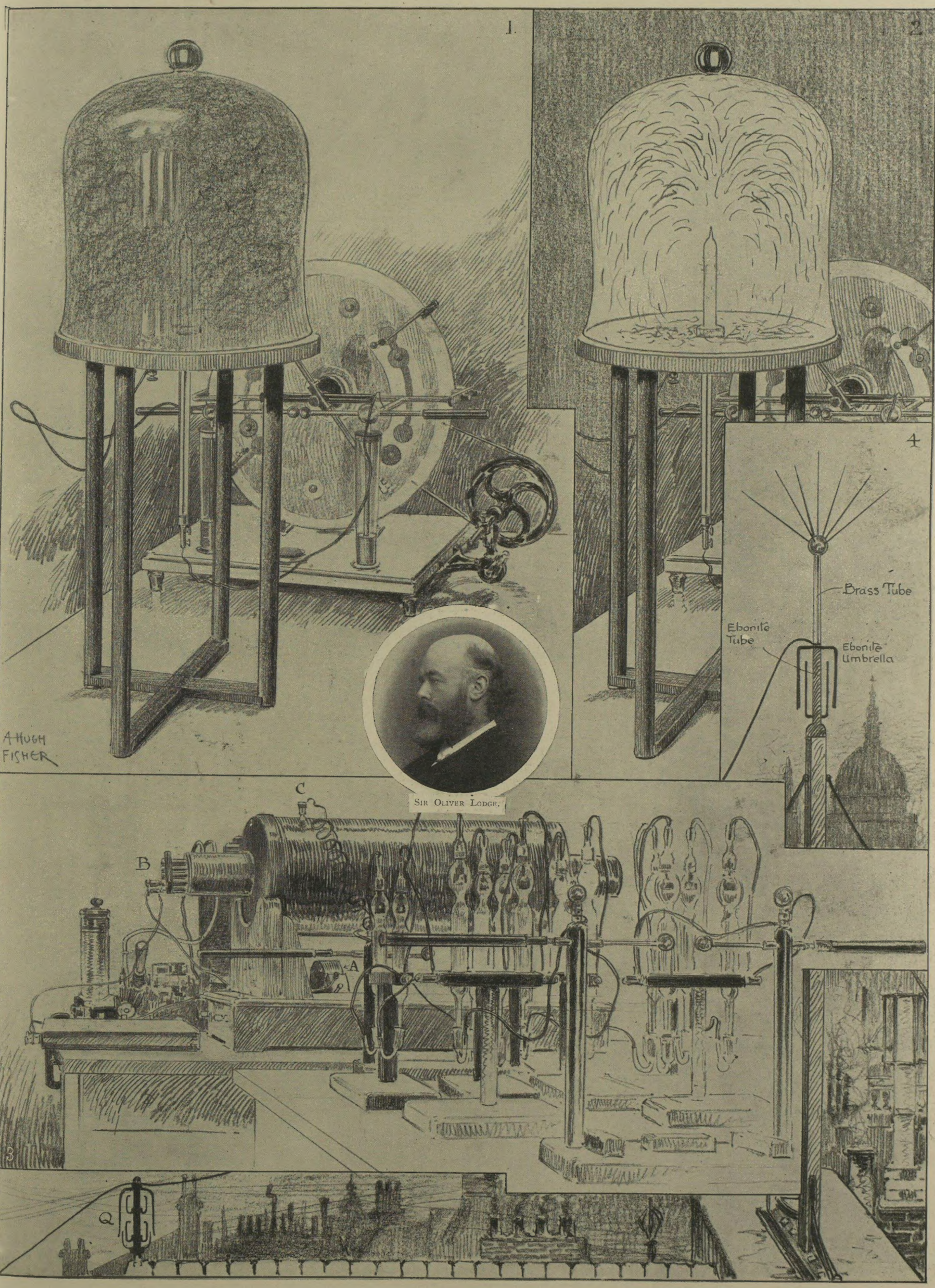


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR JOHN R. ROBINSON, FORMERLY EDITOR AND MANAGER OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

FIGHTING KING FOG: A SCHEME FOR FOG-DISPERSAL BY ELECTRICITY.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTOR, SIR OLIVER LODGE.



1. One terminal of a Voss electrical machine is connected with an insulated point inside a bell-jar and the other terminal to earth. The bell-jar is filled with a thick dense smoke or fog.

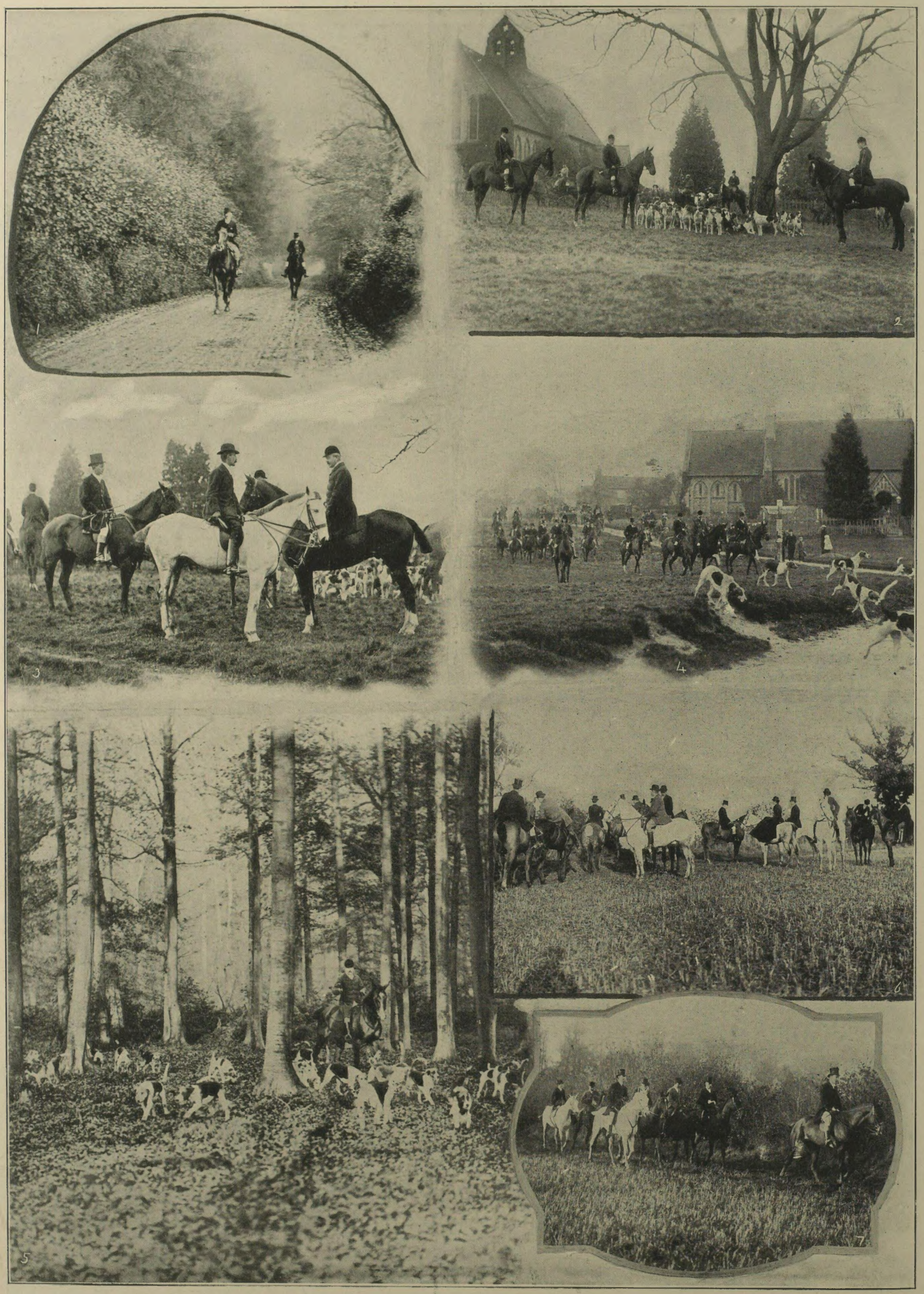
2. As soon as the current is put on, the smoke coagulates into heavy riband like streamers which radiate from the point outwards, upwards, and then downwards, and fall rapidly upon the floor of the bell-jar, the air becoming at once quite clear.

3. For practical purposes, however, the machines used to deal with fog are the three here figured. In the extreme rear is an "Alternator" (*A*) which gives a pretty high frequency (1500 alternations per second). From this the alternating current passes through the primary of a transformer (*B*), which increases the electromotive force to any required power. Then from the secondary (*C*) of the transformer it is connected up to a set of rectifiers which separate the positive from the negative currents, sending all the positive to one pole and all the negative to the other pole.

4. A diagrammatic view of a fog-disperser on the top of a tall mast fixed upon the roof of a building similar to the one which has been successfully used at Liverpool, and which cleared a space about one hundred yards in diameter in a dense fog. A mast erected on the ground would need to be much higher than the one shown. *Q*. A special arrangement of glass bells round an ebonite tube for insulating the wire.

FAMOUS ENGLISH HUNTS.—No. III.: THE OLD BERKELEY EAST FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. GOING TO THE MEET.
2. THE HUNTSMAN, WHIPS, AND PACK.
3. AT THE MEET: MR. WEBBER, THE MASTER, ON THE RIGHT.
4. HOUNDS AND FIELD MOVING OFF.
5. MASTER WITH HOUNDS DRAWING A WOOD.
6. THE FIELD AT THE COVERT SIDE.
7. MOVING OFF AS HOUNDS BREAK COVERT.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK.

A REPORTED TALE.

ILLUSTRATED BY] By "Q." [*GORDON BROWNE.*

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK runs up between overhanging woods from the southern shore of Helford River, which flows down through an earthly paradise and meets the sea midway between Falmouth and the dreadful Manacles—a river of gradual golden sunsets such as Wilson painted; broad-bosomed, holding here and there a village as in an arm maternally crook'd, but with a brooding face of solitude. Off the main flood lie creeks where the oaks dip their branches in the high tides, where the stars are glassed all night long without a ripple, and where you may spend whole days with no company but herons and sandpipers—

Helford River, Helford River,
Blessèd may you be!
We sailed up Helford River
By Durgan from the sea.

And about three-quarters of a mile above the ferry-crossing (where is the best anchorage) you will find the entrance of the creek they call Frenchman's, with a cob-built ruin beside it, and perhaps, if you come upon it in the morning sunlight, ten or a dozen herons aligned like statues on the dismantled walls.

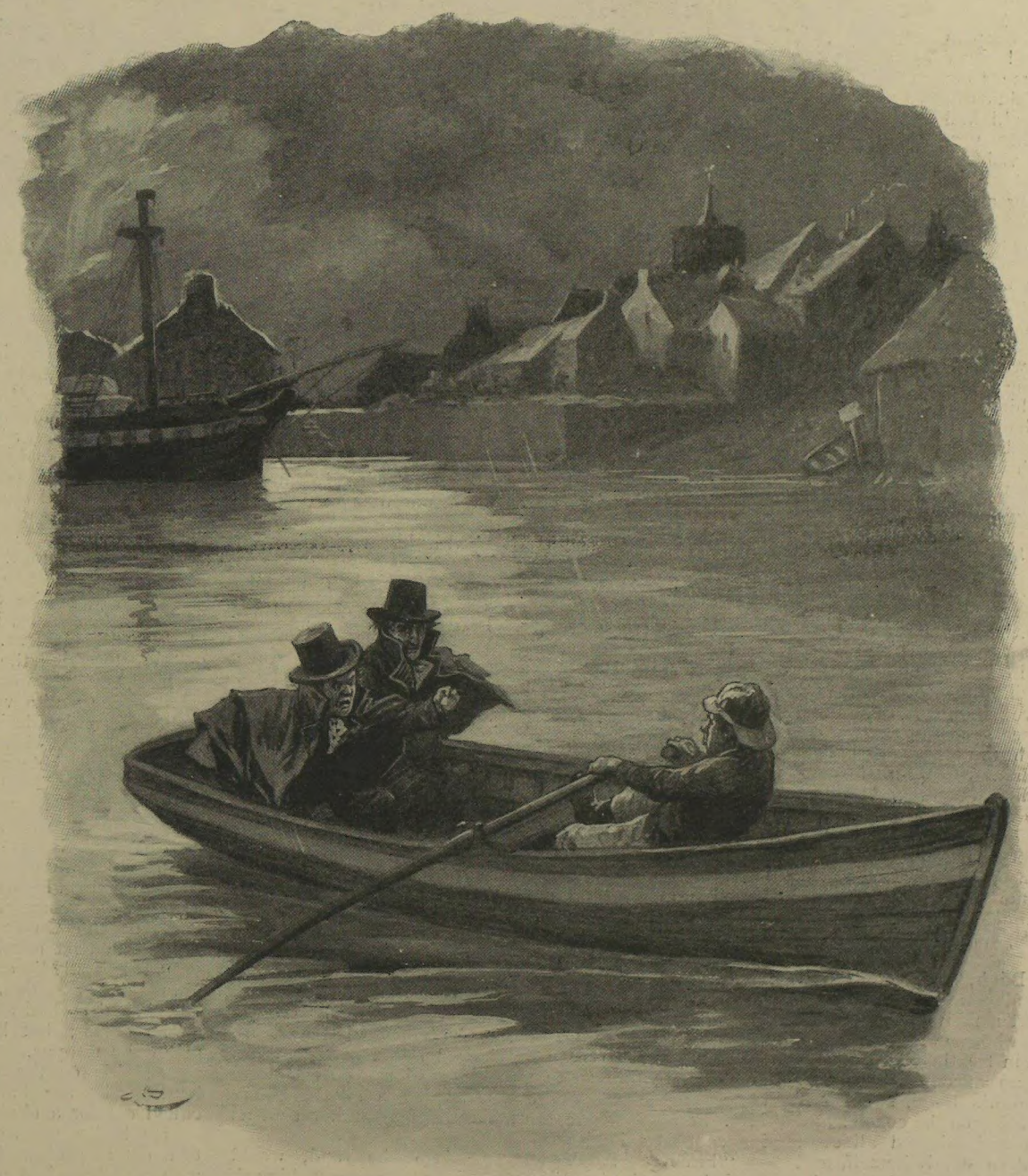
Now, why they call it Frenchman's Creek no one is supposed to know, but this story will explain. And the story I heard on the spot from an old verderer, who had it from his grandfather, who bore no unimportant part in it—as will be seen. Maybe you will find it out of keeping with its scenery. In my own words you certainly would: and so I propose to relate it just as the verderer told it to me.

I.

Yes, I can tell you how it came by the name. But first of all you 'll let me say that a bad temper is an affliction, whoever owns it, and shortening to life. I don't know what your opinion may be: but my grandfather was parish constable in these parts for forty-seven years, and you 'll find it on his headstone in Manaccan churchyard that he never had a cross word for man, woman, or child. He took no credit for it: it ran in the family, and to this day we 're all terribly mild to handle.

Well, if ever a man was born bad in his temper, 'twas Captain Bligh, that came from St. Tudy parish, and got himself known to all the world over that dismal business aboard the *Bounty*. Yes, Sir, that 's the man—"Breadfruit Bligh," as they called him. They made an Admiral of him in the end, but they never cured his cussedness: and my grandfather, that followed his history (and good reason for why) from the day he first set foot in this parish, used to rub his hands over every fresh item of news. "Darn it!" he 'd say, "here 's that old Turk broke loose again. Lord, if he ain't a warrior!" Seemed as if he took a delight in the man, and kept a sort of tenderness for him till the day of his death.

Bless you, though folks have forgotten it, that little affair of the *Bounty* was only the beginning of Bligh. He was a lef'tnant when it happened, and the King promoted him post-captain straight away. Later on, no doubt because of his experiences in mutinies, he was sent down to handle the big one at the "Nore." "Now, then, you dogs!"—that 's how he began with the men's delegates—"his Majesty will be graciously pleased to hear your grievances: and afterwards I 'll be graciously pleased to hang the lot of you and rope-end every fifth man in the Fleet. That 's plain sailing, I hope!" says he. The delegates made a rush at him, triced him up hand and foot, and in two two's would have heaved him to the fishes with an eighteen-pound shot for ballast if his boat's crew hadn't swarmed on board by the chains and carried him off. After this he commanded a ship at Camperdown, and another at Copenhagen, and being a good fighter as well as a man of science, was chosen for Governor of New South Wales. He hadn't been forty-eight hours in the colony, I 'm told, before the music began, and it ended with his being clapped into irons by the military and stuck in prison for two years to cool his heels. At last they took him out, put him on board a ship of war and played farewell to him on a brass band: and, by George, Sir, if he didn't fight with the captain of the ship all the way home, making claim that as senior in the service he ought to command her! By this time, as you may guess, there was nothing to be done with the fellow but make him an Admiral; and so they did, and as Admiral of the Blue he died in the year 'seventeen, only a couple of weeks ahead of my poor grandfather, that would have set it down to the finger of Providence if he 'd only lived to hear the news.



The thunderstorm broke over the Hamoaze with a bang.

Well, now, the time that Bligh came down to Helford was a few months before he sailed for Australia, and that will be a hundred years ago next summer: and I guess the reason of his coming was that the folks at the Admiralty couldn't stand him in London, the weather just then being sultry. So they pulled out a map and said, "This Helford looks a nice far-away place; let the man go down and take soundings and chart the place"; for Bligh, you must know, had been a pupil of Captain Cook's, and at work of this kind there was no man cleverer in the Navy.

To do him justice, Bligh never complained of work. So off he packed and started from London by coach in the early days of June; and with him there travelled down a friend of his, a retired naval officer by the name of Sharl, that was bound for Falmouth to take passage in the Lisbon packet; but whether on business or a pleasure trip is more than I can tell you.

So far as I know, nothing went wrong with them until they came to Torpoint Ferry: and there, on the Cornish side of the water, stood the Highflyer coach, the inside of it crammed full of parcels belonging to our Vicar's wife, Mrs. Polwhele, that always visited Plymouth once a year for a week's shopping. Having all these parcels to bring home, Mrs. Polwhele had crossed over by a waterman's boat two hours before, packed the coach as full as it would hold, and stepped into the Ferry Inn for a dish of tea. "And glad I am to be across the river in good time," she told the landlady; "for by the look of the sky there 's a thunderstorm coming."

Sure enough there was, and it broke over the Hamoaze with a bang just as Captain Bligh and his friend put across in the ferry-boat. The lightning whizzed and the rain came down like the floods of Deva, and in five minutes' time the streets and gutters of Torpoint were pouring on to the quay like so many shutes, and turning all the inshore water to the colour of pea-soup. Another twenty minutes and 'twas over;

blue sky above and the birds singing, and the roof and trees all a-twinkle in the sun; and out steps Mrs. Polwhele very gingerly in the landlady's pattens, to find the Highflyer ready to start, the guard unlashing the tarpaulin that he 'd drawn over the outside luggage, the horses steaming and anxious to be off, and on the box-seat a couple of gentlemen wet to the skin, and one of them looking as ugly as a chained dog in a street fight. This was Bligh, of course. His friend, Mr. Sharl, sat alongside, talking low and trying to coax him back to a good temper: but Mrs. Polwhele missed taking notice of this. She hadn't seen the gentlemen arrive, by reason that, being timid of thunder, at the very first peal she 'd run upstair, and crawled under one of the bed-ties: and there she bided until the chambermaid brought word that the sky was clear and the coach waiting.

If ever you 've had to do with timmersome folks I daresay you 've noted how talkative they get as soon as danger 's over. Mrs. Polwhele took a glance at the inside of the coach to make sure that her belongings were safe, and then, turning to the ladder that the Boots was holding for her to mount, up she trips to her outside place behind the box-seat, all in a fluff and commotion, and chattering so fast that the words hitched in each other like beer in a narrow-necked bottle.

"Give you good morning, gentlemen!" said Mrs. Polwhele, "and I do hope and trust I haven't kept you waiting; but thunder makes me *that* nervous. 'Twas always the same with me from a girl; and la! what a storm while it lasted! I declare the first drops looked to me a'most so big as crown-pieces. Most unfortunate it should come on when you were crossing — most unfortunate, I vow! There 's nothing so unpleasant as sitting in damp clothes, especially if you 're not accustomed to it. My husband, now — if he puts on a shirt that hasn't been double-aired I always know what 's going to happen: it 'll be lumbago next day to a certainty. But maybe, as travellers, you 're not so susceptible. I find hotel-keepers so careless with their damp sheets! May I ask, gentlemen, if you 've come from far? You 'll be bound for Falmouth, as I guess: and so am I. You 'll find much on the way to admire. But perhaps this is not your first visit to Cornwall?"

In this fashion she was rattling away, good soul—settling her wraps about her and scarcely drawing breath—when Bligh slewed himself around in his seat, and for answer treated her to a long stare.

Now, Bligh wasn't a beauty at the best of times, and he carried a scar on his cheek that didn't improve matters by turning white when his face was red and red when his face was white. They say the King stepped up to him at Court once and asked him how he came by it and in what action. Bligh had to tell the truth—that he 'd got it in the orchard at home: he and his father were trying to catch a horse there: the old man flung a hatchet to turn the horse and hit his boy in the face, marking him for life. Hastiness, you see, in the family.

Well, the sight of his face, glowering back on her over his shoulder, was enough to dry up the speech in Mrs. Polwhele or any woman. But Bligh, it seems, couldn't be content with this. After withering the poor soul for ten seconds or so, he takes his eyes off her, turns to his friend again in a lazy, insolent way, and begins to talk loud to him in French.

'Twas a terrible unmannerly thing to do for a fellow supposed to be a gentleman. I 've naught to say against modern languages: but when I see it on the newspaper nowadays that naval officers ought to give what 's called "increased attention" to French and German, I hope that they 'll use it better than Bligh, that 's all! Why, Sir, my eldest daughter threw up a situation as parlour-maid in London because her master and mistress pitched to parleyvooing whenever they wanted to talk secrets at table. "If you please, Ma'am," she told the lady, "you 're mistaking me for the governess, and I never could abide compliments." She gave a month's warning then and there, and I commend the girl's spirit.

But the awkward thing for Bligh, as it turned out, was that Mrs. Polwhele didn't understand his insolence, Being a woman that wouldn't hurt a fly if she could help it, and coming from a parish where every man, her husband included, took pleasure in treating her respectfully, she never dreamed that an affront was meant. From the moment she heard Bligh's lingo, she firmly believed that here were two Frenchies on the coach: and first she went white to the lips and shivered all over, and then she caught at the seat to steady herself, and then she flung back a look at Jim the Guard, to make sure he had his blunderbuss handy. She couldn't speak to Sammy Hosking, the coachman, or touch him by the arm without reaching across Bligh: and by this time the horses were at the top of the hill and settling into a gallop. She thought of the many times she 'd sat up in bed at home in a fright that the Frenchmen had landed and were marching up to burn Manaccan Vicarage: and how often she had warned her husband against abusing Boney from the pulpit—'twas dangerous, she always maintained, for a man living so nigh the sea-shore. The very shawl beside her was scarlet, same as the women-folk wore about the fields in those days in hopes that the invaders, if any came, would mistake them for red-coats. And here she was, perched up behind two of her country's enemies—one of them as ugly as Old Nick or Boney himself—and bowling down towards her peaceful home at anything from sixteen to eighteen miles an hour.

I daresay, too, the thunderstorm had given her nerves a shaking; at any rate, Jim the Guard came crawling over the coach-roof after a while, and, said he, "Why, Mrs. Polwhele, whatever is the matter? I han't heard you speak six words since we started."

And with that, just as he settled himself down for a comfortable chat with her, after his custom, the poor lady points to the two strangers, flings up both hands, and tumbles upon him in a fit of hysterics.

"Stop the hosses!" yells Jim; but already Sammy Hosking was pulling up for dear life at the sound of her screams.

"What in thunder 's wrong with the female?" asks Bligh.

"Female yourself," answers up Sammy in a pretty passion. "Mrs. Polwhele's a lady, and I reckon your cussed rudeness upset her. I say nothing of your face, for that you can't help."

Bligh started up in a fury, but Mr. Sharl pulled him down on the seat, and then Jim the Guard took a turn.

"Pitch a lady's luggage into the road, would you?" for this, you must know, was the reason of Bligh's sulkiness at starting. He had come up soaking from Torpoint Ferry, walked straight to the coach, and pulled the door open to jump inside, when down on his head came rolling a couple of Dutch cheeses that Mrs. Polwhele had crammed on the top of her belongings. This raised his temper, and he began to drag parcel after parcel out and fling them in the mud, shouting that no passenger had a right to fill up the inside of a coach in that fashion. Thereupon Jim sent an ostler running to the landlady that owned the Highflyer, and she told Bligh that he hadn't booked his seat yet: that the inside was reserved for Mrs. Polwhele: and that he could either take an outside place and behave himself, or be left behind to learn manners. For a while he showed fight: but Mr. Sharl managed to talk sense into him, and the parcels were stowed again and the door shut but a minute before Mrs. Polwhele came downstairs and took her seat as innocent as a lamb.

"Pitch a lady's luggage into the road, would you?" struck in Jim the Guard, making himself heard above the pillaloo. "Carry on as if the coach belonged to ye, eh? Come down and take your coat off, like a man, and don't sit there making fool faces at me!"

"My friend is not making faces," began Mr. Sharl, very gentle-like, trying to keep the peace.

"Call yourself his friend!" Jim snapped him up. "Get off, the pair of you. Friend indeed! Go and buy him a veil."

But 'twas easily seen that Mrs. Polwhele couldn't be carried further. So Sammy Hosking pulled up at a farm-house a mile beyond St. Germans: and there she was unloaded, with her traps, and put straight to bed: and a farm-boy sent back to Torpoint to fetch a chaise for her as soon as she recovered. And the Highflyer — that had been delayed three-quarters of an hour—rattled off at a gallop, with all on board in the worst of tempers.

When they reached Falmouth—which was not till after ten o'clock at night—and drew up at the Crown and Anchor, the first man to hail them was old Parson Polwhele, standing there under the lamp in the entry and taking snuff to keep himself awake.

"Well, my love," says he, stepping forward to help his wife down and give her a kiss. "And how have you enjoyed the journey?"

But instead of his wife 'twas a bull-necked-looking man that swung himself off the coach-roof, knocking the Parson aside, and bounced into the inn without so much as a "beg your pardon."

Parson Polwhele was taken aback for the moment by reason that he 'd pretty nigh kissed the fellow by accident; and before he could recover, Jim the Guard leans out over the darkness, and, says he, speaking down: "Very sorry, Parson, but your missus was taken ill t' other side of St. Germans, and we 've been forced to leave her 'pon the road."

Now, the Parson doted on his wife, as well he might. He was a very learned man, you must know, and wrote a thundering great history of Cornwall: but outside of book-learning his head rambled terribly, and Mrs. Polwhele managed him in all the little business of life. "'Tis like looking after a museum," she used to declare. "I don't understand the contents, I 'm thankful to say, but, please God, I can keep 'em dusted." A better-suited couple you couldn't find, nor a more affectionate; and whenever Mrs. Polwhele tripped it to Plymouth, the Parson would be at Falmouth to welcome her back, and they 'd sleep the night at the Crown and Anchor and drive home to Manaccan next morning.

"Taken ill?" cries the Parson. "Oh, my poor Mary—my poor, dear Mary!"

"'Tisn' so bad as all that," says Jim, as soothing as he could; but he thought it best to tell nothing about the rumpus.

"If 'tis on the wings of an eagle, I must fly to her!" cries the Parson, and he hurried indoors and called out for a chaise and pair.

He had some trouble in persuading a post-boy to turn out at such an hour, but before midnight the poor man was launched and rattling away eastward, chafing at the hills and singing out that he 'd pay for speed, whatever it cost. And at Grampound in the grey of the morning he almost ran slap into a chaise and pair proceeding westward, and likewise as if its postilion wanted to break his neck.

Parson Polwhele stood up in his vehicle and looked out ahead. The two chaises had narrowly missed doubling each other into a cocked hat; in fact, the boys had pulled up within a dozen yards of smash, and there stood the horses face to face and steaming.



"Why, 'tis my Mary!" cried the Parson.

"Why, 'tis my Mary!" cries the Parson, and takes a leap out of the chaise.

"Oh, Richard! Richard!" sobs Mrs. Polwhele. "But you can't possibly come in here, my love," she went on, drying her eyes.

"Why not, my angel?"

"Because of the parcels, dearest. And Heaven only knows what's underneath me at this moment, but it feels like a flat-iron. Besides," says she, like the prudent woman she was, "we've paid for two chaises. But 'twas good of you to come in search of me, and I'll say what I've said a thousand times, that I've the best husband in the world."

The Parson grumbled a bit; but, indeed, the woman was piled about with packages up to the neck. So, very sad-like, he went back to his own chaise—that was now slewed about for Falmouth—and off the procession started at an easy trot, the good man bouncing up in his seat from time to time to blow back a kiss.

But after awhile he shouted to the post-boy to pull up again.

"What's the matter, love?" sings out Mrs. Polwhele, overtaking him and coming to a stand likewise.

"Why, it occurs to me, my angel, that *you* might get into *my* chaise, if you're not too tightly wedged."

"There's no saying what will happen when I once begin to move," said Mrs. Polwhele: "but I'll risk it. For I don't mind telling you that one of my legs went to sleep somewhere near St. Austell, and 'tis dreadfully uncomfortable."

So out she was fetched and climbed in beside her husband.

"But what was it that upset you?" he asked, as they started again.

Mrs. Polwhele laid her cheek to his shoulder and sobbed aloud; and so by degrees let out her story.

"But, my love, the thing's impossible," cried Parson Polwhele. "There's no Frenchman in Cornwall at this moment, unless maybe 'tis the Guernsey merchant* or some poor devil of a prisoner escaped from the hulks in the Hamoaze."

"Then, that's what these men were, you may be sure," said Mrs. Polwhele.

"Tut-tut-tut! You've just told me that they came across the ferry, like any ordinary passengers."

"Did I? Then I told more than I know; for I never saw them cross."

"A couple of escaped prisoners wouldn't travel by coach in broad daylight, and talk French in every-one's hearing."

"We live in the midst of mysteries," said Mrs. Polwhele. "There's my parcels, now—I packed 'em in the High-flyer most careful, and I'm sure Jim the Guard would be equally careful in handing them out—you know the sort of man he is: and yet I find a good dozen of them plastered in mud, and my new mamalone cap, that I gave twenty-three shillings for only last Tuesday, pounded to a jelly, quite as if someone had flung it on the road and danced on it!"

The poor soul burst out into fresh tears, and there against her husband's shoulder cried herself fairly asleep, being tired out with travelling all night. By-and-by the Parson, that wanted a nap just as badly, dozed off beside her: and in this fashion they were brought back through Falmouth streets and into the yard of the Crown and Anchor, where Mrs. Polwhele woke up with a scream, crying out: "Prisoners or no prisoners, those men were up to no good: and I'll say it if I live to be a hundred!"

That same afternoon they transhipped the parcels into a cart, and drove ahead themselves in a light gig, and so came down, a little before sunset, to the Passage Inn yonder. There, of course, they had to unload again and wait for the ferry to bring them across to their own parish. It surprised the Parson a bit to find the ferry-boat lying ready by the shore and my grandfather standing there head to head with old Arch'laus Spry, that was constable of Mawnan parish.

"Hullo, Calvin!" the Parson sings out. "This looks bad—Mawnan and Manaccan putting their heads together. I hope there's nothing gone wrong since I've been away?"

"Aw, Parson dear," says my grandfather, "I'm glad you've come—yes, glad sure 'nuff. We've a-been enjoying a terrible time!"

* Euphemistic for "smugglers' agent."

"Then something *has* gone wrong?" says the Parson.

"As for that," my grandfather answers, "I only wish I could say yes or no: for 'twould be a relief even to know the worst." He beckoned very mysterious like, and led the Parson a couple of hundred yards up the foreshore, with Arch'laus Spry following. And there they came to a halt, all three, before a rock that some-one had been daubing with whitewash. On the top of the cliff, right above, was planted a stick with a little white flag.

"Now, Sir, as a Justice of the Peace, what d'ee think of it?"

Parson Polwhele stared from the rock to the stick and couldn't say. So he turns to Arch'laus Spry and asks: "Any person taken ill in your parish?"

"No, Sir."

"You're sure Billy Johns hasn't been drinking again?" Billy Johns was the landlord of the Passage Inn, a very ordinary man by rule, but given to breaking loose among his own liquors. "He seemed all right yesterday when I hired the trap off him; but he does the most unaccountable things when he's taken bad."

"He never did anything so far out of nature as this here; and I can mind him in six outbreaks," answered my grandfather. "Besides, 'tis not Billy Johns nor anyone like him."

"Then you know who did it?"

"I do and I don't, Sir. But take a look round, if you please."

The Parson looked up and down and across the river; and, sure enough, whichever way he turned, his eyes fell on splashes of whitewash and little flags fluttering. They seemed to stretch right away from Porthnavas down to the river's mouth; and though he couldn't see it from where he stood, even Mawnan church-tower had been given a lick of the brush.

"But," said the Parson, fairly puzzled, "all this can only have happened in broad daylight, and you must have caught the fellow at it, whoever he is."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say I caught him," answered my grandfather, modest-like; "but I came upon him a little above Bosahan in the act of setting up one of his flags, and I asked him, in the King's name, what he meant by it."

"And what did he answer?"

My grandfather looked over his shoulder. "I couldn't, Sir, not for a pocketful of crowns, and your good lady, so to speak, within hearing."



"Now, Sir, as a Justice of the Peace, what d'ee think of it?"

"Nonsense, man! She's not within a hundred yards."

"Well, then, Sir, he up and hoped the devil would fly away with me, and from that he went on to say——" But here my grandfather came to a dead halt. "No, Sir, I can't; and as a minister of the Gospel, you'll never insist on it. He made such horrible statements that I had to go straight home and read over my old mother's marriage lines. It fairly dazed me to hear him talk so confident, and she in her grave, poor soul!"

"You ought to have demanded his name."

"I did, Sir; naturally I did. And he told me to go to the naughty place for it."

"Well, but what like is he?"

"Oh, as to that, Sir, a man of ordinary shape, like yourself, in a plain blue coat and a wig shorter than ordinary; nothing about him to prepare you for the language he lets fly."

"And," put in Arch'laus Spry, "he's taken lodgings down to Durgan with the Widow Polkinghorne, and eaten his dinner—a fowl and a jug of cider with it. After dinner he hired Robins's boat and went for a row. I thought it my duty, as he was pushing off, to sidle up in a friendly way. I said to him, 'The weather, Sir, looks nice and settled': that is what I said, neither more nor less, but using those very words. What d'ee think he answered? He said, 'That's capital, my man: now go along and annoy somebody else.' Wasn't that a disconnected way of talking? If you ask my opinion, putting two and two together, I say he's most likely some poor wandering loonatic."

The evening was dusking down by this time, and Parson Polwhele, though a good bit puzzled, called to mind that his wife would be getting anxious to cross the ferry and reach home before dark: so he determined that nothing could be done before morning, when he promised Arch'laus Spry to look into the matter. My grandfather he took across in the boat with him, to look after the parcels and help them up to the Vicarage: and on the way they talked about a grave that my grand-father had been digging—he being sexton and parish clerk, as well as constable and the Parson's right-hand man, as you might call it, in all public matters.

While they discoursed, Mrs. Polwhele was taking a look about her to make sure the country hadn't altered while she was away at Plymouth. And by-and-by she cries out—

"Why, my love, whatever are these dabs o' white stuck up and down the foreshore?"

The Parson takes a look at my grandfather before answering: "My angel, to tell you the truth, that's more than we know."

"Richard, you're concealing something from me," said Mrs. Polwhele. "If the French have landed and I'm going home to be burnt in my bed, it shall be with my eyes open."

"My dear Mary," the Parson argued, "you've a-got the French on your brain. If the French landed they wouldn't begin by sticking dabs of whitewash all over the parish; now, would they?"

"How in the world should I know what a lot of Papists would do or not do?" she answered. "'Tis no more foolish to my mind than eating frogs or kissing a man's toe."

Well, say what the Parson would, the notion had fixed itself in the poor lady's head. Three times that night she woke in the bed with her curl-papers crackling for very fright; and the fourth time 'twas at the sound of a real dido belowstairs. Some person was down by the back-door knocking and rattling upon it with all his might.

The sun had been up for maybe an hour—the time of year, as I told you, being near about mid-summer—and the Parson, that never wanted for pluck, jumped out and into his breeches in a twinkling, while his wife pulled the counterpane over her head. Down along the passage he skipped to a little window opening over the back porch.

"Who's there!" he called, and out from the porch stepped my grand-father, that had risen early and gone to the church-yard to finish digging the grave before breakfast. "Why, what on the earth is wrong with ye? I made sure the French had landed, at the least."

"Couldn't be much worse if they had," said my grandfather. "Some person 've a-stole my shovel, pick, and biddicks."

"Nonsense!" said the Parson.

"The corpse won't find it nonsense, Sir, if I don't get 'em back in time. I left 'em lying, all three, at the bottom of the grave overnight."

"And now they're missing?"

"Not a trace of 'em to be seen."

"Someone has been playing you a practical joke, Calvin. Here, stop a moment——" The Parson ran back to his room, fetched a key, and flung it out into the yard. "That'll unlock the tool-shed in the garden Get what you want, and we'll talk about the theft after breakfast. How soon will the grave be ready?"

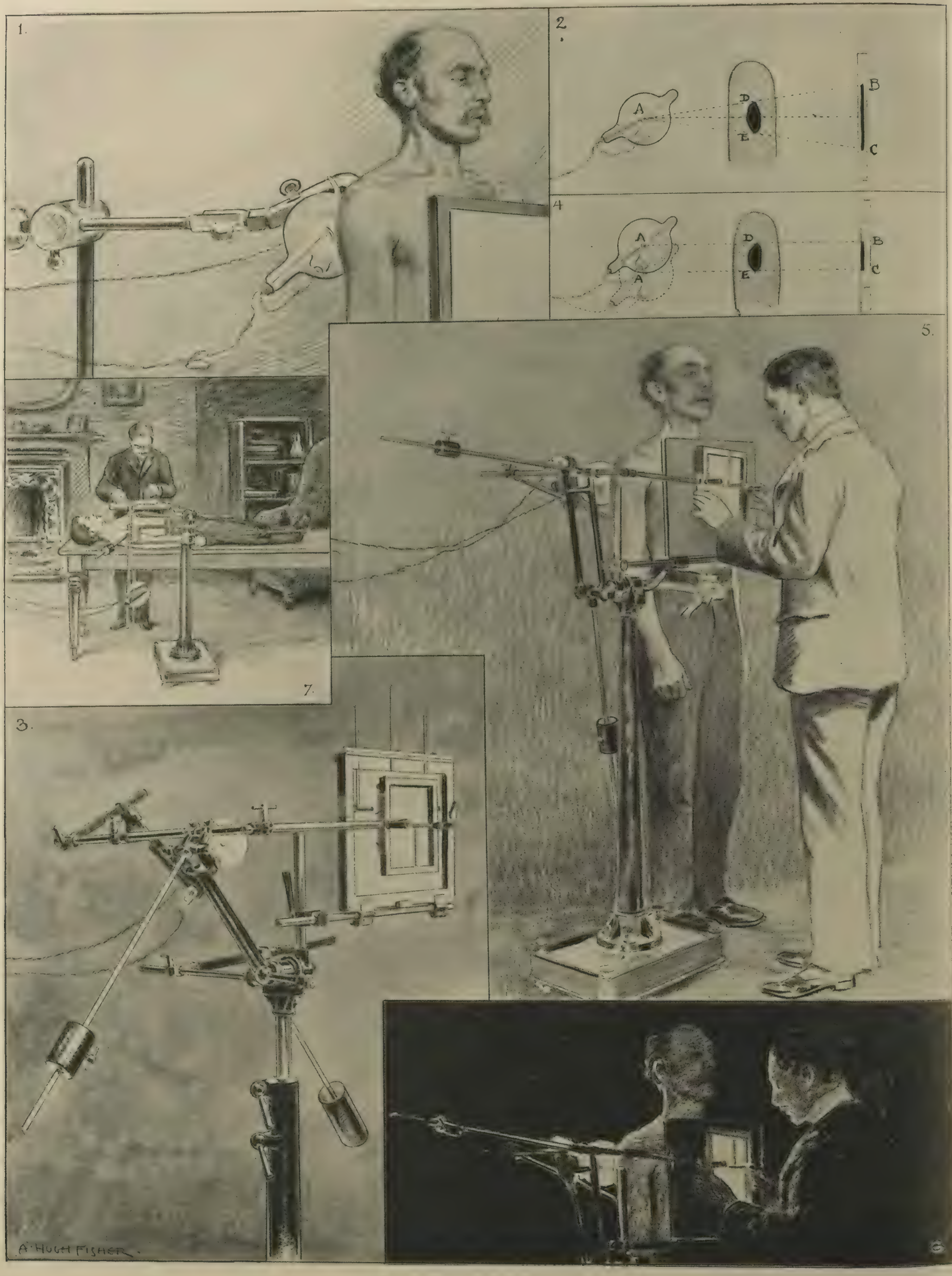
"I can't say sooner than ten o'clock after what has happened."

"Say ten o'clock, then. This is Saturday, and I've my sermon to prepare after breakfast; at ten o'clock I'll join you in the churchyard."

(To be concluded next week.)

OVERCOMING A DIFFICULTY OF RÖNTGEN APPARATUS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DR. ALFRED GRADENWITZ.



THE ORTHODIAGRAPH, FOR DELINEATING THE ORGANS OF THE BODY THEIR NATURAL SIZE BY PARALLEL RAYS.

THE DIFFICULTY.—1. Ordinary Röntgen apparatus by which the shadow of the organ desired to be studied is shown upon the fluorescent screen. In this the illumination is from one point, and the spreading of the rays throws on the screen an image larger than life. For example, in Diagram 2 the rays proceed from the centre of the bulb *A*, and the image *B C* of the object *D E* coincides with the points where the rays touching the edge of the object *D E* cut the screen in *B C*.

THE SOLUTION.—3. In the Orthodiagraph only the central ray from the bulb is used, as in Diagram 4; and the straight line of light, being movable, follows the outline of the organ to be depicted, enabling the operator to make an unmagnified drawing. The instrument has a system of levers and weights rigidly connected with the Röntgen bulb on the one hand, and a drawing stylus fixed in the middle of the fluorescent screen on the other. The central ray issuing from the bulb lies in the prolongation of the drawing stylus. The frame moves in front of a fixed sheet of pasteboard for the drawing stylus to make its record upon. By this arrangement the central ray is used for projecting all points desired to be drawn.

4. The object being now outlined by parallel projection, the drawing is of the exact size and shape instead of being more or less magnified as in 2. 5, 6. The instrument in use. 7. An arrangement suitable for drawing from a subject in a reclining posture.

GAIN AND LOSS TO THE BRITISH NAVY: TWO ADDITIONS AND A CASUALTY



1. H.M.S. "FLORA," WRECKED ON DENMAN ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, DECEMBER 3.—[Photo. Hopkins.]

2. H.M.S. "CONSTITUCION," PURCHASED BY BRITAIN FROM CHILI.

3. THE FASTEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE WORLD: H.M.S. "LIBERTAD," PURCHASED BY BRITAIN FROM CHILI.

LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Wilson and Gill are showing their Christmas presents in their fine new premises, 139, Regent Street, where a large stock of both silver articles and gold and gem jewellery is ready for inspection and choice; or their catalogue will be sent on request. A speciality in jewellery is a series in the "Celtic" art designs, of which this firm are the introducers; it is the fashionable "new art" sort of design, and is set with fine Persian turquoises, and is very moderate in price. They have a large supply also of inexpensive brooches and other ornaments in gold, pearls and other stones. A pretty pearl-set lace-pin, for instance, can be had for the low sum of ten shillings; it is in the form of a pearl "merrythought," set on a gold safety-pin. A pussy in gold playing with a whole pearl ball, an enamel lady-bird on a gold bar, and numerous other designs, are



"Piano" Jewel-Case, Cherub Design, in Embossed Silver. Messrs. Wilson and Gill.

very cheap. There is moreover a good show of costly ornaments in the finest stones. In the silver department may be found a great many pretty and novel articles. The charming jewel-case in the shape of a grand piano which we illustrate is in the much-admired "cherub" design. In the same design there can be had every possible toilet necessary—brush, comb, pin and brush trays, pincushion, puff-boxes, scent-bottle, matchbox, clothes and hat-brushes, etc.; and it is a very good idea to begin collecting a full service in such a choice pattern, and add to it piece by piece until the dressing-table is completely furnished. The separate pieces are many of them quite inexpensive. There are all descriptions of silver goods here in variety, many at small prices, such as hat-pin holders, string-boxes, twine-boxes, etc.; and others in very fine and expensive workmanship.

Messrs. Fry and Sons, of Bristol, the well-known chocolate and cocoa manufacturers, put up their sweet specialities in a variety of forms that make them suitable presents. For children, one can buy Fry's chocolate in all sorts of small and attractive boxes; while ladies can be presented with *bonbonnières* of various forms, that will serve a useful purpose when the sweetmeats are consumed. The boxes or cases



A Bonbonnière.—Messrs. Fry and Sons.

are covered with silk and hand-painted in the more expensive forms; in cardboard there are many very attractive boxes too. Of course, they all are filled with Messrs. Fry's own manufactures, both pure and delicious, which need no further commendation.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond have at Queen Victoria Street, City, a complete "Stores," where anybody may shop without the necessity of having a ticket. Every description of article is to be found in one or the other of their numerous departments. In one section, the old traditional Christmas present of something good to eat is forthcoming, whether in the form of a barrel of the best native oysters, or of dressed meats like hams and tongues, or of fresh provisions wherewith to stock a hamper—more acceptable, often, where a large family has to be brought up on small means, than more artistic gifts. Furniture, again, has a large department, with all its sub-divisions of glass, china ornaments, antique and modern articles of larger size, and light bamboo and wicker goods. There is, besides all this, an excellently stocked jewellery department, from which we select our Illustrations. The pretty brooch where a heart is tied round with a true-lover's knot is in rubies and diamonds. The diamond scroll with a trefoil in the centre is diamonds, relieved with the attractive green stone called "olivine." Many of the little pearl brooches are quite inexpensive, as may be



Heart and Bow Ruby and Diamond Brooch.

Silver Case for Prayer-Book and Hymnal.

Scroll and Trefoil in Olivine and Diamonds.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

seen depicted in the jewellery catalogue; and the "new art" style that is so much liked by some tastes is also provided for choice. Our other Illustration is from Messrs. Spiers and Pond's silver department; it is a neat little case in embossed and chased silver containing a prayer-book and hymn-book complete, the price of which is but 6s. 9d. Silver buttons, trinket-boxes, pen-wipers, salt-cellars, and numerous other little articles are also low in price and varied in design, while larger and more costly gifts are also abundant.

Messrs. Hamptons' large show-rooms in Pall Mall East, close to the National Gallery, are full of artistic and handsome articles for gifts of all sorts and sizes and various prices. There are small things in china or glass, or carvings, or in embroideries, such as dessert-plates or specimen cups and saucers, or embroidered cushions, table-centres and covers, and curtains; and, again, there are the finest furnishings, both modern and antique. The stock of screens is very complete, ranging from such a pretty little addition to a drawing-room as the fire-screen illustrated, which stands 3 ft. 5 in. high, and is made in oak or mahogany, and has glass



Mahogany or Oak Fire-Screen, Plate-Glass Panels. Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

panels to slide in and out, up to the largest size in the most costly materials that can be desired. In a large or chilly room, how pleasant on a winter's evening to shut off the empty space and form a cosy party round the fire by the aid of a Japanese screen from Hamptons' costing only 12s. 6d., or a leather paper one, embossed and gilt, and set in a carven wood frame, for a guinea and a half! More costly screens are here, which would be decorative objects in the finest room. Charming novelties may be seen also. One such is the "Princess of Wales Breakfast-Set." The needful articles for breakfast in bed are set into recesses slightly sunk in a tray, so that they will not tilt at a touch, or slide down in the annoying way of such articles on the ordinary tray. Another pretty gift would be a dinner-chime: four bells, having a musical note, set on a frame that makes them an adornment of the hall, and giving a musical peal when struck.

Messrs. Elkington and Co., who have the honour of being the King's Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, have their own manufacturing works, at which they produce the fine silver and other ware that they display in their several establishments. Besides those in London, which are at 22, Regent Street, and 73, Cheapside, they have places in Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow. Every Christmas season sees all these houses provided with many beautiful and tempting articles suitable for gifts of any price. A catalogue and also a selection of goods will be sent on application—the latter, of course, only to those giving proper references. Glancing over the stock in the London establishment, I note that glass, finely cut and engraved, is combined with silver in several attractive forms. The Black Forest spirit-bottles, having a curious shape, pinched in at the centre, and provided with silver lip, are specially stocked;



Cut Glass Silver-Mounted Spirit-Bottle. Messrs. Elkington.



Artistic Silver Button. Messrs. Elkington.

then there are various other tall and graceful forms of glass and silver-mounted spirit-bottles, one of which we illustrate, and claret-jugs. We also illustrate a handsome silver button, one of a set, and this is quite cheap; as are such articles as sweetmeat-dishes, ink-bottles, spoon-warmers, muffineers, and other trifles.

Fashions rise and fall in jewellery as in all else mundane, and the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, are in the newest fashion in introducing various forms of miniature-frames to be used as adornments. The pretty bracelet that we illustrate is their exclusive novelty. It will be seen that the gold is in the flexible and ornamental form of a bicycle-chain; the frame for the portrait is reversible, so that it may hold on the two sides the faces of husband and child, or of mother and father, or any other pair of whom, like the King in Tennyson's ballad, you can hardly tell "which is the nearer, which is the dearer." The mounting of the portrait is set with pearls, and on the chain are turquoises; and



Bicycle-Chain Flexible Gold Bracelet, with Double Miniature Frame. The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Co.

the price of this very pretty thing is but £6 5s. Another of the Alexander Clark Company's novelties is a seal sovereign-purse: it looks and can be used like an ordinary gentleman's seal, but opens with a spring to hold five half-sovereigns. Not only can a gentleman wear it on his watch-chain, but it can be had hanging like a charm on a bracelet for a lady. The scent-balls in various forms that this firm introduced are selling largely; they are in the shape of a chased ball of gold or a "lucky" pig, or a pear, an apple, a heart, etc., and besides being ornamental give out sweet scent through their perforations. A great variety of pendants in new designs, and all other ornaments, will be found in the company's catalogue. They also have a large stock of silver, including many pretty and novel things. A dozen forms of pocket or table matchboxes, for instance, can be had, or of cigar-lighters, varying from a miniature candlestick to a Roman lamp.

Messrs. J. and A. Carter have at 6a, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, many aids to ease that will be very acceptable to people in health, while their special business is to furnish all things, great and small, that can conduce to help and solace the weary lot of invalids. The delightful and restful chair that we illustrate is a luxury to the tired man or woman in health, while it is a boon beyond words to the sick; it is known as the



"Carlton" Adjustable Chair and Literary Machine. Messrs. J. and A. Carter.

"Carlton," and is completely adjustable to any inclination of the body, from sitting upright to lying on as a couch. The change is easily made, and the invalid can get most valuable and welcome rest and relief from not being kept in a constrained attitude. Carter's literary machine, for holding a book at any angle; their bed-tables, that can be raised and lowered to any position, and can be used for reading and writing, as well as taking food; their lighting arrangements for reading in bed; their adjustable couches, their bed-rests—some one of these ingenious and useful gifts will have the "quality of mercy—blessing him who gives and him who takes," wherever an invalid or delicate friend is so remembered.

Christmas cheer is the good old English way of giving a token of goodwill and kindly thought; and for those who like to follow this plan the goods manufactured by the Western Counties Creameries, Yeovil, Somerset, form a satisfactory portion of the parcel. Most grocers sell this firm's products; but in case of difficulty, a line to the address just given will enable you to get supplied with the articles produced from pure West-country cream and other provisions put up by Messrs. Aplin and Barrett. Their leading speciality is the "St. Ivel Cheese." This is a delicious novelty; it has all the smoothness and richness of a perfect cream-cheese; but instead of the often sour or insipid

flavour of that viand, "St. Ivel" possesses something like the good old Cheddar flavour. It is eaten, of course, with bread or biscuit, and also is invaluable for making a little savoury to end the repast; and many excellent recipes for this are given in a booklet published by the firm, and written by that first-rate authority, Miss Lizzie Heritage. A unique cheese-dish is prepared on purpose for holding "St. Ivel." Then the Western Counties Creameries make out of the cream alone their "Golden Meadow" butter, which is guaranteed pure; it can be had from every up-to-date grocer or dairyman in half-pound or pound packets. The "St. Ivel Dainty Puddings" are wonderfully useful; they consist of powder, fully flavoured, which is made into a delicious cold sweet simply by adding water; lemon, vanilla, almond, chocolate, and other flavours are supplied. Last, not least, let mention be made of the splendid St. Ivel Christmas puddings, sold already cooked in basins.



A SKATING OR WALKING DRESS.

Just issued is a new and charmingly illustrated little book from the Parisian Diamond Company entitled, "Yule-Tide Gifts." Those who have never seen the artistic work produced by this company, which is fully equal to the finest diamond-work, while procurable at very moderate prices, should certainly at once send a postcard asking for this booklet, and see what really beautiful designs are available for choice as Christmas gifts at small cost. It will be sent to any applicant from 85, New Bond Street, or 143, Regent Street, or 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade, London.

Those who have been dissatisfied with the fountain pens that they have tried should give the "Waterman" make a trial. It is provided with a different feed from most other kinds, which suits all writers' hands perfectly. The pen used is a gold nib pointed with the hardest of metals, iridium, so that it is very lasting; it can be had in any form that the writer prefers—that is to say, broad or fine, soft or firm, with a turned-up or stub point, just as one is accustomed to use in a steel pen; and with a little patience in selecting the nib, the "Waterman" is sure to suit the writer.

Messrs. Moore and Moore, the well-known pianoforte makers, are showing at their rooms, 15a, Hanover Square, and 104, Bishopsgate Street Within, the "Simplex" Piano-Player. The marvellous powers of the mechanical piano-player need to be heard to be appreciated. In the many homes where music is sincerely loved, but the piano stands silent day after day because the skill to produce its sweet sounds is not available, this remarkable development of machinery would be keenly appreciated as a delight ever ready for production. A clockwork motor runs the mechanism of the Simplex, and the feet of the performer therefore are at liberty for making proper use of the pedals, not being employed, as in some kinds, in working the machinery.

We have medical testimony as to the value of good perfumes, Eau-de-Cologne coming first. The best known brand is "4711," and it cannot be too strongly insisted on that a poor brand is worse than useless. The many brands substituted for "4711" and recommended as "just as good" contain often ingredients which will actually aggravate the headache or toothache which we know by experience that "4711" has frequently proved able to remove as if by magic. The truth is that the principal ingredient of "4711" is too expensive to be used by its many imitators. A case of "4711" containing six bottles is sold at the truly moderate price of 12s. 6d. Mülhens' "Rhine Violets," the real essence of the modest flower we all love, "Rhine Gold," and "Maréchal Niel," are established favourites. Then there is the newest perfume—"Violetta Graziella," perfume, powder, or soap. There is one thing to remember: each must bear the name "Mülhens," or a wrong brand may be bought and disappointment result. The chief depôt is 62, New Bond Street.

Messrs. Oetzmann, whose premises in Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road, are within a shilling cab-fare from Charing Cross, are having a special sale at present in consequence of their being rebuilt, and many of the things they offer are decidedly cheap. Among them may be mentioned a Sheraton inlaid kidney-shaped tray of mahogany with brass gallery at only half a guinea; a fumigated oak arm-chair, upholstered, at 23s. 6d.; and an inlaid Damascus coffee table for 7s. 6d. These are only sample low prices from a full list, in which are included also such useful and practical gifts as linen, blankets, rugs, and curtains. The silver department is particularly strong in small single articles. A special catalogue of this department is to be obtained on application. A cut-glass liqueur "tot" measure, set in a silver holder, for example, can be had singly or as many as may be needed for the usual home party. A solid silver pen and pencil in leather case, a silver buttonhook, a cedar pencil-case, a jam-spoon, the "Demon" cayenne bottle, with a gilt spoon topped by a fire-breathing head—all these and many more pretty and sometimes novel and uncommon gifts are offered at really trifling prices, and are very nice things to have, and therefore excellent to present.

NOTES AND DRESS.

There have been two circumstances within the last fortnight that remind us of how women still are handicapped. The first of these was the appearance as one of the joint discoverers of radium of M. Curie alone to receive the Davy Medal of the Royal Society for the greatest chemical discovery of the year; when it is well known that, though this savant has helped, no doubt, by consultation and advice, the real work which led to the discovery has been done by his wife. Sir W. Ramsay, writing in a London contemporary an account of the discovery of radium, steadily says: "Madame Curie found," and "Madame Curie then experimented to discover," and so on. Yet Madame Curie was not allowed to be so much as present at the meeting of the Royal Society at which her work was celebrated and honoured, because she is a woman.

The other instance of the still-existing artificial barriers to women's work is the case of Miss Bertha Cave, who has failed to obtain from the seven Judges, headed by the Lord Chancellor, who sat to hear her application, the order that she desired to compel the Benchers of Gray's Inn to admit her as a student. The Benchers previously had declared that they did not feel at liberty to decide whether a lady was legally eligible. Their Lordships in their turn did not see fit to interfere with the discretion of the Benchers. The net result is that she cannot get admitted to Gray's Inn. The Judges in Scotland recently refused to order the admission of a young lady to the examinations needful to enable her to practise as a solicitor. Thus "protection" for men is ensured in the province of the law, up to the present. But is it not strange that they should wish for it? How much business do they suppose women lawyers would get away from men? At the same time, in some cases it might be more agreeable for a woman client to consult a lawyer of her own sex; and when a woman feels like that, why should she not be allowed to place her own interests in the hands that she chooses? There are women lawyers already in Canada, New Zealand, France, and most of the United States.

The "cold snap" has increased the attractiveness of the furrier's emporium. Money may be scarce; but every woman with any pretensions to dressing well seems to be able to indulge in the warm and becoming skins that consequently become ever more costly. Sable and sealskin are at almost prohibitive prices. A sable cloak known to me was "done up" a week or two ago, needing only three small skins to change the shape a little, and the sable, with the ermine lining, redressed, and the charge was fifty pounds. These luxuries are only for the few; while chinchilla, pointed fox, silver fox, finely matched moleskin, and well-marked lynx furs are only a little less costly. Caracul and astrachan, grey squirrel, musquash, and all the tribe of furs with fancy names that have had a more humble initial wearer than the new owner would care to be told, are procurable moderately enough, so that a modest dress-allowance may stretch to the possession of comfortable stoles and muffs at least. Be it noted that there is nothing at all to equal fur to "turn" the wind. No substitute ought to be thought of for a moment for motoring in on a cold day. People who have a motor and may invite a chance visitor to be driven, say, to the station or some other house, should keep a large loose fur wrap to lend the guest. It is positively perilous to accept such a pleasant invitation as "Shall I run you down in the car?" unless a fur coat be available for use on the drive, for on the stillest day the rapidity of the motor's own progress is enough to cause a wind that will pierce through any less protective wrap than fur.

Many girls, and even married women with small incomes, would infinitely rather be taken to Messrs. Peter Robinson's, and invited to select some useful and pretty article of attire or decoration for a Christmas gift than they would have a present less serviceable. Furs, of course, are always acceptable, and there is a good department for this order of present at the vast establishment at Oxford Circus, which truly proclaims that it contains "everything for ladies' and children's wear"—as it does also many articles for men's use and for the household. An eider-down quilt, a silk dress-piece, a smart umbrella, a lace collar, and many other presents for an old lady, too, suggest themselves as one looks round the well-stocked and innumerable departments of this great house. Downstairs, the whole floor-space is given up to make a children's Paradise—the Peter Robinson Christmas bazaar. It would be a difficult task to mention any toy or description of game that is not there—ranging from expensive mechanical figures to the smallest of cheap toys. The fancy goods stock is also large; silver, leather, engravings, glass—in short, everybody must find here the present they require for the most difficult-to-please friend.



AN ERMINE COAT FASHIONABLY TRIMMED.

One of the dress Illustrations is of an ermine coat relieved with bands of broadtail holding in place strappings of lace; the hat is ermine, trimmed with a bird. The gown on the other figure is designed for skating or walking; it is in fancy tweed decorated with velvet bands and tassels. The stole is of chinchilla and ermine, with chiffon ends, and the hat is also of the fur and chiffon.

FILOMENA.

A BUDGET OF GIFT-BOOKS.

FIFTY VOLUMES FOR BOYS.

Judging by the examples before us, the boy who is old enough and wise enough to be a lover of adventure-stories, who is aided and abetted in the matter by indulgent parents or sympathetic friends, and who is still boyish enough to dream himself a hero of romance, will fare well this Christmas season. The work offered by his favourite authors, as well as by those who have still, in a measure, to win their title to the adjective, is as varied as is customary, and he will experience some difficulty in making up a mind bewildered by the array of enticing and temptingly-titled volumes now brightening the booksellers' shelves. The historical novel will first attract him, if only by superiority of numbers, and the troubles of choice will be at once manifest. Professor A. J. Church goes back to "Two Thousand Years Ago" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.), and retails the adventure of a Roman boy at that critical period when Italy was slowly recovering from the effect of the internal struggles which had distracted the State for many years. As becomes a teacher, he has sought to make his book useful as well as entertaining. That it has been necessary to issue a new edition is ample proof that the pill of fact has been satisfactorily coated with the sugar of fiction. For his first story, the late Mr. G. A. Henty, following a lead set recently by Mr. Rider Haggard, has been studying Josephus, and in "For the Temple" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) presents a well-studied picture of the defence and destruction of Jerusalem, vivid, but unencumbered with details, and strictly agreeing with the historian's narrative, save with regard to John of Gamala, of whom Josephus has no word. In "Children of Kings" (Blackie. 2s. 6d.), Mr. W. Lorcan O'Byrne, the author of "A Land of Heroes," has made it his aim "to present three Cycles of Romance — viz., the Cuchulain, the Ossianic, and the Arthurian—interwoven after the manner of a Celtic design." The doings of his principal figure, Tristram of Liones, cannot fail to delight all who have a healthy interest in gallant feats of arms. The King of "For King and Empress" (Nelson. 3s. 6d.) is Stephen; the Empress, Matilda; the period, one that has hitherto suffered some neglect at the hands of the fiction-writer, "the year chosen being that following the siege of Oxford by the King, when his party was in the ascendant, and such authority as the Empress ever possessed over her adherents was practically at an end." Mr. C. W. Whistler has produced a good and stirring story. Miss Gertrude Hollis favours the thirteenth century, and in describing the winning of "Spurs and Bride" (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.) by one Fulk Fitz-Olaf, tells a capital tale of Magna Charta. "Cambria's Chieftain," by Miss E. Everett-Green (Nelson. 3s. 6d.), justifies its author's reputation as a writer of historical novels, and will doubtless be as popular as its predecessors. Owen Glyndwr is the foremost figure of the story, and his son Madoc is his Boswell. Another veteran writer, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, has crossed the Channel for his subject, and in "The King's Esquires; or, The Jewel of France" (Grant Richards. 6s.) has evolved from the ample material furnished by the period a fascinating romance of adventure and intrigue in the days of Francis I. "By England's Aid" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) marks the welcome fulfilment of a promise made by the late Mr. G. A. Henty that he would complete "By Pike and Dyke" by issuing a volume dealing with the closing events of the War of Independence in Holland. The present book is a fitting sequel to the first, and is chiefly concerned with England's open assistance of the Netherlands after the death of the Prince of Orange and the capture of Antwerp. Mr. Tom Bevan's "Beggars of the Sea" (Nelson. 3s. 6d.) deals with the earlier phase of the same momentous struggle.

Next follow numerous novels which owe their existence to even better-known periods. Of these, "Anthony Everton" (Chambers. 2s.) and "Dick Chester" (Blackie. 2s.) belong to the much over-written time of the Martyr King. The first, by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, tells "the plain story of an episode in the life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford"; the second, by Mr. G. I. Witham, that of an eleven-year-old Cavalier who holds his castle for the King. Both are likely to prove popular. The title of "In Jacobite Days" (Nelson. 5s.) sufficiently indicates the nature of Mrs. Henry Clarke's contribution; it only remains to say that incident follows incident with commendable regularity. Mr. Manville Fenn's "In the King's Name" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) disproves the hackneyed air suggested by its title by setting forth a number of exciting adventures incurred by Hilary Leigh aboard the cutter *Kestrel*, commissioned to pick up smuggling-boats, Jacobite messengers, exiles, and fugitives. A volume with another "royal" title, "Under Which King," by Hubert Rendel (Nelson. 2s. 6d.), is described as a story of peace and war, and is woven round the battles of Hastenbeck and Rossbach of the Seven Years' War, and certain domestic incidents of an "informing kind." "With the Sea Kings," by F. H. Winder (Blackie. 2s. 6d.), tells of the days of Nelson—the greatest sea-king of them all—and retails the doings of smugglers, privateers, and corsairs, and their doughty opponents. The sea is again well to the fore in Mr. Robert Leighton's "The Wreck of the Golden Fleece" (Blackie. 3s.), an exciting story of a North Sea fisher-boy. Captain F. S. Brereton, one of the younger of popular writers for boys, has levied toll upon the French Revolution, and has obtained, as he could hardly fail to do, material that has furnished him with ample means for the provision of a powerful novel. "Foes of the Red Cockade (Blackie. 6s.) should gain him more admirers.

The influence of more modern history—history even now in the making—is not less evident, and a goodly proportion of the season's volumes is based on events of comparatively recent date. The late Mr. G. A. Henty, who was ever ready to see a yarn in the story of the hour, contributes to this section narratives suggested by the relief of the Pekin Legations and the Chitral, Tirah, and Ashantee campaigns. "With the Allies to Pekin" (Blackie. 6s.) and "Through Three Campaigns" (Blackie. 6s.) are characteristic of their author, and, being characteristic, necessarily good. Captain Brereton is even more topical, and has exercised his ingenuity on affairs in Somaliland and that most elusive of our enemies, the very sane "Mad" Mullah. The boy reader will be held as fast in the grip of this book as the hero's father was "In the Grip of the Mullah" (Blackie. 5s.). Other parts of the great African continent—truly the continent of romance—find a place in "Tom Burnaby: A Story of the Great Congo Forest," by Herbert Strang (Blackie. 5s.); "The Mad Interpreter," by Arthur Lee Knight (Grant Richards. 6s.); "Fighting the Matabele," by J. Chalmers (Blackie. 3s.); "The War of the Axe," by Percy J. Groves (Blackie. 2s. 6d.); and "In Search of the Okapi," by Ernest Glanville (Blackie. 6s.), the story of youthful rivals of Sir Harry Johnston. In "The Boy Galloper" (Blackwood. 6s.) the author of "On the Heels of De Wet," imagines an invasion of England, and takes his youthful hero through a storm of stirring scenes, crowned by the V.C. The King, by the way, will assuredly not be flattered by the drawing which appears of him. The coveted gun-metal cross—in this case "The Disputed V.C." (Blackie. 5s.)—plays a prominent part also in Mr. Frederick P. Gibbons' book, the main interest of the plot centring in the villain's attempt to gain for himself the credit attaching to the destruction of a magazine during the Indian Mutiny, a feat, it is almost superfluous to remark, really performed by the hero. Miss E. Everett-Green has tapped yet another source fruitful of romance and striking incident—the Franco-German War; and in "The Castle of the White Flag" (Nelson. 5s.) has added a noteworthy volume to the long list of her deservedly popular historical tales.

The school stories form a remarkable collection—remarkable because so small. Assuming that demand invariably necessitates supply, the boy of to-day has changed much in his tastes. Not many years ago the school story ranked high amongst those favoured by the youthful reader; to-day it is represented in fifty volumes by a paltry four. Moreover, only three of these conform to tradition—"Riverton Boys," by K. M. and R. Eady (Nelson. 1s. 6d.), in which are retailed the results of a feud between the Commercial Academy, or "Caddy-shop," and Riverton College, peopled by the "Mortar-board Snobs"; "The Gayton Scholarship," by Herbert Hayens (Nelson. 1s. 6d.); and "The House on the Moor," by Harold Avery (Nelson. 1s.). The fourth belongs to the admirable "Fifty-Two" series, edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, and is titled "Fifty-Two Stories of School Life and After for Boys" (Hutchinson. 5s.)

The next section—that devoted to adventure pure and simple — contains a second of Mr. Miles's compilations—"Fifty-two Stories of Animal Life and Adventure" (Hutchinson. 5s.)—which well sustains its editor's reputation for good judgment. Mr. Manville Fenn's "Fitz the Filibuster" (S.P.C.K. 5s.) is entertaining enough to enthral his admirers even without "alliteration's artful aid"; and the same may be said of his "Walsh the Wonder-Worker" (W. and R. Chambers. 5s.). Mr. Frederick Harrison's "The New Tutor" (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.), handicapped though it will be by the appearance of a particularly "weedy" individual—presumably the tutor himself—on the cover, will doubtless find as many readers as his previous works. Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, in search of fresh ground, discovers "A Mystery of the Pacific" (Blackie. 3s.)—an island, on which the customs in vogue in the Rome of the Cæsars exist to-day—and makes the fullest use of his discovery. Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Peter the Pilgrim" (W. and R. Chambers. 3s. 6d.) and Mr. Achilles Daunt's "Frank Warlegh's Holidays" (S.P.C.K. 2s.) are intended to amuse the younger folk, and are calculated to serve their purpose. "Three Rascals," by Raymond Jacberns (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.), tells of the doings of two small boys and their sister, and belongs to the same category. "The Saga of Jarl the Neatherd," by H. Escott-Inman (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.), suffers from a rather puerile introduction, "To Everybody in Answer to *All* Questions," but is, on the whole, a satisfactory fairy story. The last book noticed in this division is perhaps the best. "Minnows and Tritons" (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.) is the first collected issue of the short stories of boy life by Mr. B. A. Clarke which have already raised favourable criticism.

The remaining half-dozen books with which we have to deal all seek to blend amusement with instruction, and it must be said that they are eminently successful. "The Red Army Book," by Paul Danby (Blackie. 6s.), including as it does articles on the various branches of our thin red line and on such attractive topics as "Boys Who Have Won the V.C.," "Pets of the Regiment," "Famous War Horses," "All About Spies," cannot fail to appeal to all boys who have passed the toy-soldier stage, but are still fascinated by the pomp and circumstance of military life. Numerous well-executed illustrations in colour and black-and-white, many of the latter by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, enhance the value of the volume. "The Book of Indoor Games" (Pearson. 5s.) is a veritable encyclopædia of the pastimes that are so valuable an asset during the long winter evenings. The scope of "Horses, Guns, Dogs" (George Allen. 6s.), is sufficiently explained by its title. In "Greek Story and Song" (Seeley. 5s.) Professor A. J. Church presents examples of Greek poetical thought. "The Boy's Own Reciter" (Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.), for which Mr. G. A. Hutchison, editor of the *Boy's Own Paper*, is responsible, if it cannot supply the talent, will at least supply most of the wants of the young aspirant to histrionic honours. "The Romance of Modern Engineering," by Archibald Williams (Pearson. 5s.), is a worthy successor to the same author's "Romance of Modern Invention."

LITERATURE, ART, AND THE CHILD.

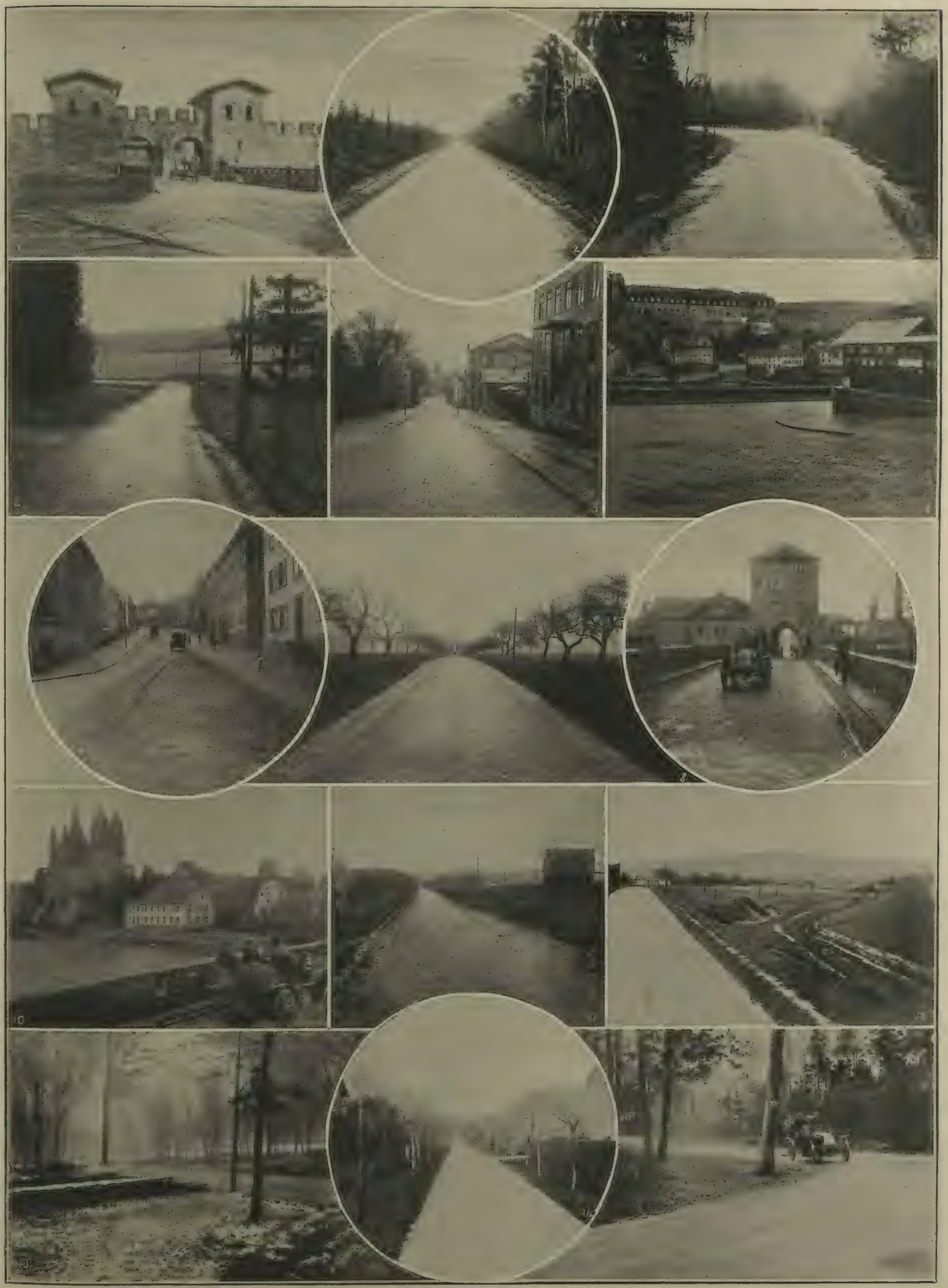
The fortunate child of to-day, for whom so much is done, to whom so many artificers with pen and pencil yield willing and devoted service, may be assumed to have grown somewhat critical. To some extent this is a pity, for your child of overmuch understanding is a monster, and your child who knows the prices of things and judges accordingly is little short of an abomination. But there is a better form of small critic than this—the child whose mind has been quickened to delicate and quaint fancy by the great masterpieces suitable to his capacity, of which "Alice in Wonderland," "The Water Babies," and the two "Jungle Books" remain the supreme and satisfying examples. Such a child turned loose among the Christmas publications of the present year would be conscious of something missing. The ivory gate and golden seems hardly to have been passed at all by any of the bookmakers, and the revelation of what for want of a better term we must call the "fine mind," is sadly to seek. Not that we look for works of pre-eminent distinction, which to exist at all must of necessity be rare; but there was a period when, alike in conception and execution, even the generality of children's books was informed by the gentle yet strong inspiration of the great discoverers in this field of letters, and it is with sincere regret that one notices a tendency towards something that may be considered by its creators strenuous, but comes perilously near vulgarity In the same way some would-be humorists for children, flogging a rather halting nag towards the goal of fun, find themselves fast in the mire of fatuity. Worse still, the stock jest of the farthing comic papers has under a faint disguise thrust itself into the sacred domain. With blatancy, the child, as Heaven made him has nothing to do.

"Modern instances" may, of course, be employed with excellent effect, although sometimes, perhaps, up-to-date satire may go to the other extreme, and treat of things not generally known in the nursery and school-room. But the very method, if of consummate art, may commend the theme and make it understanded of the people. It may even instruct (which is not a function of art), and enable deep economic truth to be drunk in with the school-room tea. Of such was a stirring epic (not of this season's growth) wherein Mr. Hilaire Belloc set forth the stiff-necked conduct of a certain James, a householder, towards the tax-collector. The fearful pains and penalties that ensued, purging the soul by pity and terror, exalted the theme to pure tragedy, and would have rendered the author's carefully drawn moral superfluous, had it not been so consumedly funny. On second thoughts, it is scarcely fair to have chosen this as an example of a tale based on those domestic sorrows of which the young have no cognisance; for in a heroic cycle, at no distant date, it was related how the Would-be-Goods set a booby-trap for the rate-collector. With the stern moralists who object to such "familiarising of the young mind with mischief and lawlessness" we have no dealings. We break no butterflies upon the wheel. The crushing of black-beetles (to wit, farthing comic ideals), is another matter. Nor, while disclaiming puritanical sourness, are we much in love with the reprinting for children's use of ballads extolling highwaymen, or of original staves full of strange sporting oaths. Are we then indeed once more approaching a time such as that described in Sir Theodore Martin's preface to the new "Bon Gaultier," when thieves' slang was the rage of the drawing-room? This coarser touch seems to have infected the illustrations and colour, in places where they are not mere forcible-feeble parodies of the "new art." Heaven knows where the gentle science of "hitting one in the eye" is going to stop, and it would be illuminating to hear our small critic on some of the "decorative" pages which have moved our wonder and awe as we turned over the Christmas books.

From the days of Mrs. Turner's "Cautionary Stories," the quintessence of priggishness, we have travelled far, and have happily learned a more excellent way, but it would be well if those responsible for the children's reading and pictures exercised a more jealous and fastidious taste than would seem to obtain at present. For the holy terrors of a bygone age of crude moralities we shed no tear, but it is evident that the vogue is for something less charming and delicate than that over which we flattered ourselves some half-dozen or a dozen years ago. It is a gross thing to hold up gross images to the child-mind. In the Golden Age of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's idyllic sketches, the sense of beauty is most easily quickened, most easily destroyed, and he who does the latter does so at peril of the millstone and the depths of the sea. Of the new "creators" there is not much to be said this Christmas, but a debt of gratitude is due to the good people who revive the merry old nursery rhymes and fairy stories. In his prismatic spectrum of fairy books Mr. Andrew Lang has for years wrought a good and wholesome work, which not even the exhaustion of the colours of the rainbow must be allowed to terminate.

For the rest, there are, as usual, hosts of resplendent volumes for bigger boys and girls. Observant boys will note that the historical story waxes fat and kicks, but the school story seems to be on the wane. That it should languish cannot but cause a pang to us of an earlier day, who remember with affection the good situations of "The Belton Scholarship," the glorious waggeries of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," and the excitement of "The Willoughby Captains." To this hour we can see Tregowan go in awkwardly to face the examiners while a wicked bard mocked him in a parody, can laugh at the memory of Bosher's Diary, live anew the suspense until it was discovered who cut the rudder-lines before the famous race. But that was long ago. Still, in a benevolent Thackerayan avuncular mood one would like to see the present generation well found in good stories of the world of school.

THE NEXT GORDON-BENNETT RACE: POINTS OF THE 1904 COURSE AT HOMBURG.



1. THE STARTING POINT, THE RESTORED ROMAN GATE OF SAALBURG CASTLE.
2. THE STRAIGHT DESCENT AFTER THE START.
3. THE FIRST BAD TURN.
4. THE WORST TURN ON THE COURSE, BETWEEN SAALBURG AND WEILBURG.
5. THE DESCENT INTO WEILBURG.
6. A CORNER IN WEILBURG.
7. THE HILLY ROAD OUT OF WEILBURG.
8. A STRAIGHT STRETCH BEFORE LIMBURG.
9. LIMBURG BRIDGE.
10. A VIEW FROM LIMBURG BRIDGE.
11. THE ROAD NEAR ESCH.
12. THE ROAD NEAR NEUHOF.
13. SAALBURG: THE STARTING AND FINISHING POINT.
14. A FINE ROAD ON THE LAST LAP, OBERURSEL.
15. A SHARP TURN.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS: TRAINING CLASSES AT THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. TYPEWRITING.
2. OUTDOOR RECREATIONS.
3. PIANO CONSTRUCTION AND TUNING.
4. THE PRINCIPAL OF THE COLLEGE: DR. CAMPBELL.
5. PHYSICAL DRILL.
6. PRACTICAL GEOMETRY.
7. BOATING LESSONS.

The London County Council is now considering a scheme for the education of the blind.

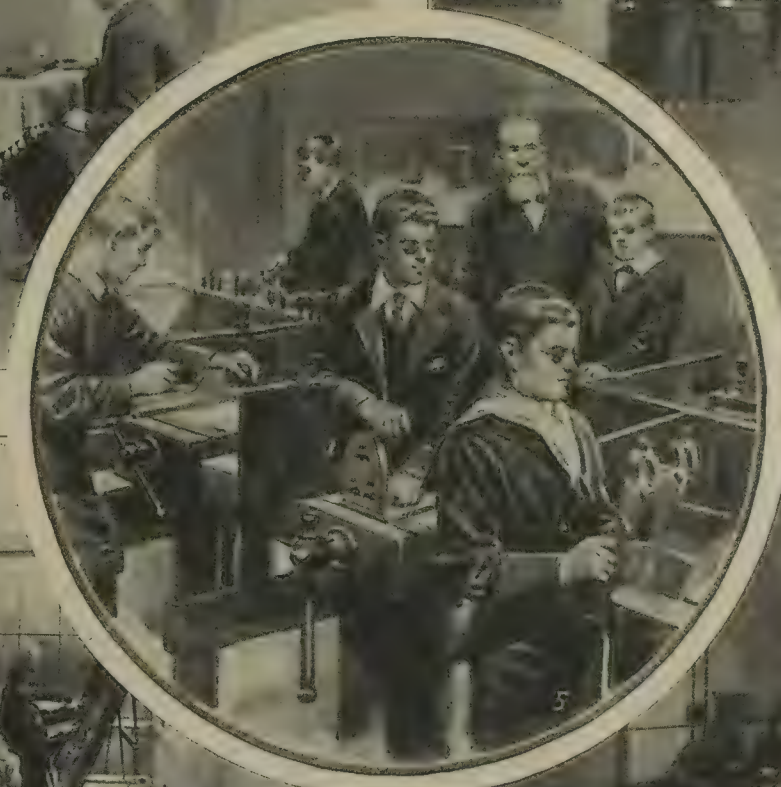
LIGHT IN DARKNESS: METHODS OF TRAINING AT THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

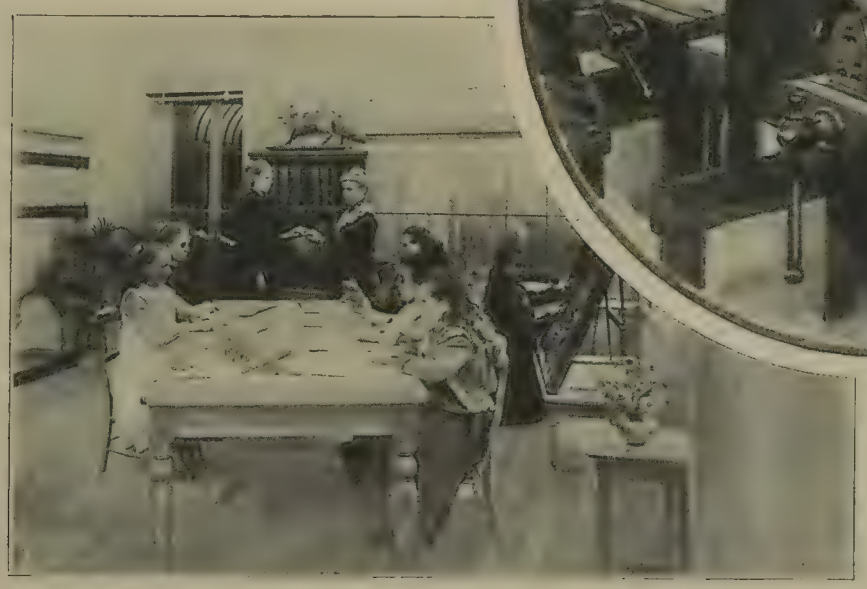
















1. THE TEACHING OF NATURAL HISTORY FROM STUFFED SPECIMENS.
2. A SEWING CLASS.
3. INDOOR RECREATIONS: CHESS AND DRAUGHTS.
4. ROLLER-SKATING.
5. CARPENTERING.
6. GEOGRAPHY AND THE STUDY OF CEREALS.
7. SWIMMING AND DIVING FOR THE BLIND.
8. THE TRAINING OF BLIND ATHLETES: THE GYMNASIUM.

The late Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, held that the blind should be treated exactly as if they could see. He himself rode to hounds.



THE SEASON IN CAIRO: A BALL AT THE ABDIN PALACE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CURIOUS NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS: SOME RECENT EXHIBITS.



THE NAKED COMMON RAT.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. G. A. DOUBLEDAY.

With the exception of bristles and whiskers, the rat had no hair. Its leaden grey skin was curiously wrinkled.



THE SOMALI WILD BURROWING RAT.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MR. OLDFIELD THOMAS.

This rat lives in the sand and never comes above ground. It feeds on bulbs and roots.

NAKED RATS: TWO CURIOUS EXAMPLES.



1. SIGN DENOTING THE VARIETIES OF INSECTS FOR SALE. 2. A SELLER OF PET INSECTS AND A FAIR CUSTOMER. 3, 4, 5. SIMPLE AND ELABORATE CAGES FOR INSECTS.

JAPANESE SINGING INSECTS KEPT AS DOMESTIC PETS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.

These insects are thought to bring luck. Some, the voices of which imitate the sound of running water, are believed to promote coolness in hot weather.



A DAYLIGHT OWL: THE BURROWING OWL OF THE AMERICAN PRAIRIE.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MR. G. K. PEARCE.

This bird lives with the prairie dog. It is a diurnal bird; hence its open eyes, which it sets in a fixed stare when molested.



A NEW CHINESE MONKEY: THE RHINOPITHECUS BRELICHI.

The skin of this animal was recently exhibited by Mr. Oldfield Thomas at a meeting of the Zoological Society. It appears to inhabit the Van Gin Shan Range in Central China. The skin was obtained from a hunter by Mr. Henry Brelich, and was presented to the National Museum at the suggestion of Mr. Herbert Ingram.

SOURCES OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES' WEALTH: OIL-WELLS IN CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY W. H. BALLOU.



1. A "STILL" (NON-FLOWING) OIL-SPRING IN PENNSYLVANIA: A PUMPING-HOUSE.
2. A CITY OF TANKS: A TYPICAL AREA OF RESERVOIRS FOR THE STORAGE OF OIL.
3. OIL FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN: SPRINGS AT LOS ANGELES.
4. POURING OIL FROM A GUSHER IN KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
5. AN OIL-SPRING FIRED BY LIGHTNING IN PENNSYLVANIA: SUCH CONFLAGRATIONS CAN SOMETIMES BE EXTINGUISHED WITH SAND.
6. A TYPICAL OIL-WELL TOWN: BOYD VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA: THE DERRICKS MARK THE POSITION OF THE WELLS.
7. A NEW SPOUTER, OR FLOWING OIL-WELL, IN PENNSYLVANIA: THE COLUMN SHOWS THAT OIL HAS BEEN "STRUCK."
8. A CITY OF DERRICKS: AN OIL-WELL SECTION IN LOS ANGELES.

At Los Angeles, California, the oil is converted into asphalt and electric power. It is proposed to convey oil electric power to a distant part of the State where it is needed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LIGHT AND LIFE.

One cannot avoid being impressed with the great strides which have been made of late days in respect of investigations into the action of light on the development of life, and likewise regarding its influence as a remedy for certain grave disorders of mankind. There has always been found a great attraction in the subject of light, not only for the pure physicist, but for the surgeon and physician as well. The story of light begins with the demonstration that ordinary white light is the result of the combined action of different-coloured rays or light-waves. By aid of suitable apparatus, mankind are enabled to utilise the special rays they require, a procedure equally represented in the art of the photographer and in the practice of the physician.

Certain researches recently published in Denmark appear to be of high importance in respect of their possible bearing on the light-treatment of lupus and of cancer itself as now carried out in certain of our large hospitals. It is found that when microscopic organisms are made sensitive by the addition of certain substances to the water or fluid in which they live, they become infinitely more sensitive to the action of yellow and green light. This idea of rendering living tissues very susceptible to the action of light-waves becomes naturally related to the more effective treatment of the diseases just named. The light-rays which are the active agents in the hands of the surgeon are those described as the "ultra-violet" waves. Other rays are not valuable, or, at least, do not appear to exercise a potent effect on the cure of disease. Now, the latter rays can and do penetrate through the skin into the structures and tissues beneath, whereas the valuable rays appear to possess a much less decided penetrative power. Any means which can therefore assist the violet rays to reach diseased parts cannot but be regarded as of immense importance in the surgeon's attempts at cure, so that a purely scientific investigation in due season, as is so often the case, becomes one of high practical interest to humanity at large.

For example, it is found that when the waves of electric light are passed through one ear which has not been made sensitive by the addition of special substances, that ear is left unaffected after a long period of exposure, but the same rays passed onwards to the other ear, which had been rendered sensitive, produced decided effects therein. It takes only a short period to induce decided results in living tissues when these last are made more susceptible to the light-waves. The same result is seen in the case of microscopical organisms, of which microbes may be selected as examples. One series of investigations showed that light-waves transmitted through a layer of skin killed sensitised microbes in twenty minutes; whilst those not sensitised survived after the light had been allowed to act upon them for eleven hours. Supposing that by analogous means the light-rays used for the cure of deep-seated cancer can be thus made much more effective in their action, we can see possibilities of success dawning before us in the cure of this terrible ailment such as at present are beyond the scope of our most sanguine expectations.

It is, of course, highly probable that, apart from the utilisation of special waves of light in the treatment of disease, there are to be found in living tissues natural arrangements whereby light as a necessary condition of vitality is made available for the purposes of the organism. The botanist will tell us that light is an essential agency for the due nutrition of plants. Only in the presence of light can the green plant exercise that wonderful chemical power whereby it splits up the carbonic acid gas it drinks in by its leaves, retaining the carbon to help in the formation of the starch and sugar it manufactures, and liberating the oxygen into the atmosphere. Upon the animal tissues, light must act with equal potency. Deprivation of light means the production in the animal of an anæmic or "bloodless" condition, just as in the plant growth in darkness implies the bleaching of parts which are naturally green. As iron enters into the composition equally of the blood of animals and of the green colouring matter of plants, we may note in the similarity of action in the two kingdoms of living nature a certain definite relationship between light, colour, and health.

What the living body appears to exercise in health is really a power of utilising and absorbing exactly the light-waves which are adapted to carry out its physiological work. Certain lower organisms are children of darkness, in that light is not necessary for their development, just as certain of them can flourish in the absence of oxygen, which gas represents a vital necessity for the vast majority of living beings. Here we only witness the infinite variation which marks the ways of living nature in respect of the adaptation of different organisms to different conditions of life. It is when these conditions are violated or altered that we find disease or unnatural development represented in the living estate. An interesting series of researches undertaken on the development of tadpoles was carried out by two French observers. The tadpoles were kept in aquaria exposed to the influence of ordinary sunlight. The glass in one aquarium permitted red rays to gain access to the developing frogs, while in the other bluish-voilet rays were allowed to play upon them. The red rays exerted an inhibitory effect on development, for the tadpoles grown under these light-waves exhibited restricted growth when compared with their fellows which had basked under the violet rays. The power of the latter to stimulate animal development is therefore of a very decided kind, and it is to these agents, as we have seen, that the physician chiefly to-day looks for aid in disease-treatment.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—Thanks for amended version.

A W DANIEL (Bridgend).—They shall be examined, and we trust to find them acceptable.

G BAKKER (Rotterdam).—We are much obliged. It shall be reported upon shortly.

PHILIP DALY (Brighton).—Received with thanks.

PHILIP H WILLIAMS.—We are always pleased to receive your problems. The last was a misfortune such as sometimes occurs in spite of every precaution.

Messrs. CLIFF and BIRD (Framlingham).—The circumstances under which we publish problems are that the problems possess sufficient merit.

BURJOYJEE DHUNYJEEBHOY (Ratnagar, India).—We will give the problems every attention.

T O SMITH (Moffat).—There is nothing more recent than the works you mention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3104 received from Deen Dayal (Indore); of No. 3106 from Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass.) and C Field, Jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3107 from A G (Pancsova) and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3108 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H S Brandreth (Nice), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and Fire Plug.

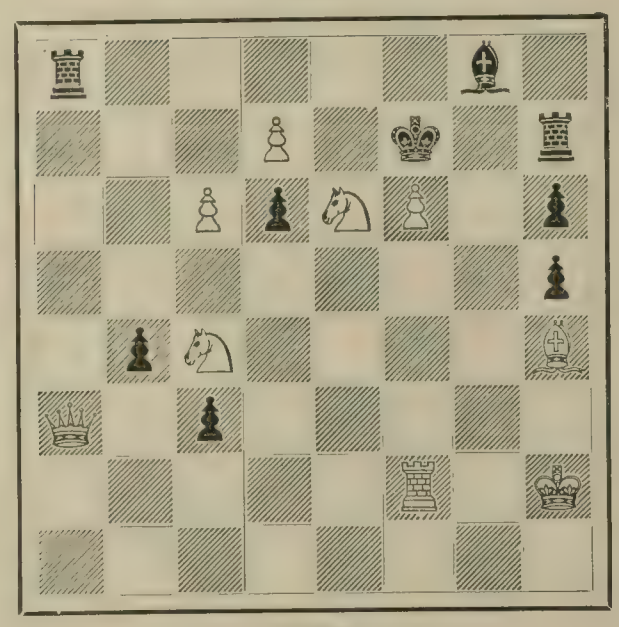
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3109 received from F Henderson (Leeds), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Joseph Cook, Reginald Gordon, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Albert Wolff (Putney), R Hancock, F J S (Hampstead), and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3108.—BY IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 2nd	Any move
2. Q, R, or Kt mates.	

PROBLEM No. 3111.—BY SORRENTO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at Melbourne between Messrs. WATSON and WILSON.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. Watson).	BLACK (Mr. Wilson).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B
8. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd
9. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles
10. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to B 4th

Here Q to K sq, followed by P to K B 3rd, was the correct line of play.

11. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
12. Kt to B 5th	B to Kt 2nd

In this and the next few moves, Black shows himself blind to the danger threatening him from the adverse combination of Queen, Bishop, and Knight. It was important at all hazards to break this up, and P to B 3rd, or P to R 3rd, or Q to K sq was essential.

WHITE (Mr. Watson).	BLACK (Mr. Wilson).
13. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th (ch)
14. K to R sq	P to Q 4th
15. P tks P (en pas.)	P takes P
16. Q to Kt 4th	

This leaves Black helpless. He can do nothing except the text move.

16.	P to R 4th
17. Q takes R P	P to K B 3rd
18. Q to Kt 4th	B to B sq
19. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th
20. R takes Kt	

White finishes with a few masterly strokes that leave nothing to be desired in the way of vigour and precision.

20.	B takes R
21. Kt to R 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd
22. Q to R 5th	Q to K sq
23. Kt to B 7th (ch)	

Black resigns.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the National Tournament at Kiev between Messrs. SCHIFFERS and TCHIGORIN.

(*Irregular Defence.*)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd
3. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd
4. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
5. P to K R 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
6. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th
7. P to Q B 3rd	Q to K 2nd
8. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
9. Q to B 2nd	R to K sq
10. Castles Q R	P to Q 4th

The attack now remains in Black's hands to the end. White's position is singularly ineffective, and his pieces only block each other.

11. P to B 3rd	K P takes P
12. B P takes P	P takes P
13. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th
14. P takes Kt	Q takes B
15. K to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
16. Kt to Q B 4th	Kt takes Kt
17. Q takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd
18. P takes P	P takes P
19. Q takes Q B P	R to Kt sq

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)

By the sacrifice of his Q B P, Black here secures an open file for his Rook, and what must prove an irresistible onslaught.

20. Q to B sq	

Q to B 3rd is more forcible if an exchange of Queens is sought. But Black would scarcely play his opponent's game to that extent.

20.	Q to B 7th
21. K R to B sq	Q takes Kt P
22. R takes P	

Altogether unsound, as Black quickly proves. Of course, this sacrifice is fatal, but the game was lost anyway.

22.	K takes R
23. Q to B 7th (ch)	B to Q 2nd
24. B to B 4th (ch)	K to K 2nd
25. R to K sq	Q to K 5th (ch)
26. K to R sq	B takes P
27. B to Kt 3rd	Q to K 4th
28. Q to B 4th	B takes P (ch)
29. K to Kt sq	B to B 4th (ch)
30. B to B 2nd	B to R 6 (dis. ch)

White resigns.

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THE GROWTH AND MEANING OF GERMAN SOCIALISM.

At the election to the Reichstag in June last the Social Democratic party increased its representation from fifty-eight to eighty-three. Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking at Birmingham on Nov. 11, referred to the German elections in the following terms—"The Democratic party in America and the Socialist party in Germany were made up of the poorest and least fortunate of the people of those countries; and had they not learned by bitter experience that high protective tariffs, whatever profits they might confer on capital, whatever privileges they might bring to certain of the higher ranks of labour, were to the poor and the poorest of the poor an accursed engine of robbery and oppression?" The three million Socialist voters went to the polls, according to Mr. Churchill, to testify their unappeasable discontent with the tariff. Has Mr. Churchill diagnosed accurately the causes and the meaning of the growth of German Socialism?

The object of Socialism is "the socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange"—in a word, universal State ownership of property. For amplification of this brief but comprehensive programme, we may turn to the famous Gotha programme. This programme alleges the iniquity of ownership by private capitalists, demands the "destruction of the iron law of wages," universal suffrage, direct legislation by the people, universal obligation to serve in a national citizen force, abolition of the laws repressing the liberty of the Press and of meetings, free administration of justice, and universal, compulsory, and free education, with religion left out. The present formation of society is to be completely overturned, but pending that consummation certain palliative reforms are demanded, of which only one concerns itself with the tariff. It is the demand for "one single progressive taxation for the State and parish, in place of all existing taxes, especially the indirect ones that fall on the people." German Socialism troubles itself little, then, about tariff questions in its far-reaching programme. At best the tariff is only casually included in the general abolition of everything existing. The "unappeasable discontent" which oppresses Mr. Churchill is discontent with every existing institution.

But we are told, seeing that the Social Democrats in the last Reichstag voted against the new tariff law, it is to be assumed that they did so in the interests of "the poorest and least fortunate." But if we go back a few years in the history of German Socialism we shall find the Socialists voting unanimously against the Provident Dispensaries Bill, a measure of social reform conceived in the interests of the poor. The Socialist opposition to it was based upon the fact that it would tend to make the poor more content, and the business of the Socialist was to stir up "unappeasable discontent." May not the analogy hold in regard to the tariff? The purpose of the tariff is to give more and steadier employment and higher wages to the working classes; and the obvious effect of that is greater contentment among the working classes; and that would mean the diminution of the Socialist party.

It is true that at the election immediately succeeding the passage of the new tariff law the Socialist vote largely increased. But there is no reason to see cause and effect. There is a party in Germany which makes it its particular business to oppose Protection. That party is the Radical party; and what happened to the Radical party at the last election? The Radical Left had forty-six members in the last Reichstag; it has now only thirty-five, and some of those lost seats were taken from them by Socialists, who thus showed their appreciation of the anti-tariff stalwarts. Again, the Social Democratic vote has increased by 900,000 to a total of 3,000,000—a noteworthy increase, truly, but subject to heavy discount, owing to the rapid increase in the general population of the country, to the more than proportional increase in the urban population (which means the bringing of a larger part of the population within the active influence of Socialist organisers and orators), and to other causes to which I shall presently refer. Here let me interject the following consideration: The German Socialist party was born as an active organisation — when? In the late 'sixties and the 'seventies—just in the very period when Germany was a Free Trade country. And it is reasonable to assert that indirectly German Free Trade was the cause of the early growth of Socialism; for that Free Trade era in Germany produced slack employment and low wages—the fecund soil of Socialism.

As to the other causes of the increased Socialist vote. Socialism is undoubtedly strong in Germany, because the German mind is idealist, and so naturally disposed to indulge in Utopian visions; because education has stimulated the German workman's ambition to be the equal of members of the richer and governing classes; and because the wide-spreading and iron bureaucracy of Germany foments revolutionary dissatisfaction among the people, at the same time that it suggests the iron despotism of State Socialism as the system into which a revolutionary upheaval would naturally evolve. But no greater mistake can be made than to assume that every vote given to a Social Democratic candidate is the vote of a convinced Socialist. German Socialism is like an abscess which attracts all the evil humours of the body. It flourishes not only upon its Utopian programme, but because it is the one party which allies itself with attacks upon abuses, such as the ill-treatment in the army of which recent instances have been made public. The discontented non-Socialist German is attracted to the Socialist candidate whatever be the cause of his discontent; but he is least likely to be so attracted when the cause of his discontent is dislike of Protection, because in that event it is the Radical party which would attract him—the party *par excellence* of Free Trade; and recent elections show that that party is being steadily wiped out.

ERNEST WILLIAMS.

N.B.—The views expressed in the above article do not necessarily represent editorial opinion.

ROYAL SHOTS

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF EMINENT SPORTSMEN AND A SPORTSWOMAN BELONGING TO THE PRINCELY HOUSES OF EUROPE.

WE present this week photographs of the most devoted sportsmen of some ruling houses as they have appeared quite recently on their own preserves. The ubiquitous camera could not remain very far away from the scenes of royal recreation, for an interest in photography has spread through all classes of the community at home and abroad, and thus it becomes possible to present pictures of places that are usually associated with profound seclusion from the public gaze.

On a royal preserve every precaution is taken to maintain complete privacy. Experienced foresters and huntsmen alone are permitted to penetrate into the vast coverts where the wild boar and the deer dwell in fancied security. No unauthorised visitor can hope to venture unchallenged far beyond the outskirts of the preserves at any season. The great day, or week, of the year arrives, and for a brief space no sanctuary of the woodland is inviolate: there are beaters everywhere, and great masses of game are driven before the guns along paths that the head huntsman has mapped out. A vast bag is made, the hunting-lodge wakes to a few days of gaiety—a gaiety that is silenced only when questions of high policy claim discussion; and then the royal party breaks up. The forest recovers its accustomed serenity: the survivors of the great days find their way back to favoured haunts; their terror or nervousness passes away as week succeeds to week, leaving them undisturbed, the advent of the spring finds all their troubles forgotten.

King Edward's achievements in the forest and at the covert-side are too well known to need more than brief reference here. He has helped these many years to depopulate the coverts of all the best shooting estates in Great Britain, and has shown himself very interested in the rearing of the pheasants on his own place at Sandringham. Grouse, red-deer, and roebuck find him equally skilled, and it may be suggested that he owes his robust health in some measure to his delight in open-air sports.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir, who is shown enjoying some pheasant-shooting, is an aunt of the Czar, and was before marriage the Princess Marie Pavlovna of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She is the mother of three grown sons and daughters, and is one of the few ladies of the House of Romanoff who may be found on intimate terms with a shot-gun.

The Regent of Bavaria, Prince Luitpold, is one of the oldest living sportsmen. Born in the year 1821, he was married in 1844, and appointed Regent in 1886. In the photograph he is wearing the modern dress of the Bavarian sportsman, instead of the more elaborate and uncomfortable uniform that was prescribed by convention in years gone by. The spirit and endurance that enable the Prince Regent to go shooting in his eighty-third year, speak well for the vitality of the ancient House of Wittelsbach.

Reference has been made before now to the prowess of Dom Carlos of Portugal, who is a veritable prince of sportsmen, from whom neither fur nor feather can escape. It is unlikely that Europe numbers among its crowned heads a keener or a finer shot, and in Great Britain his performances with the gun contributed not a little to the popularity that his personal charm engendered. If political crises have enabled King Alfonso of Spain to leave Madrid, he should be enjoying good sport with Dom Carlos at the time when these photographs are published.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who is shown shooting wild boar in Speffart, is the second son of the old Prince Regent, and married the Archduchess Gisela of Austria-Hungary, eldest daughter of the Emperor Franz Josef. He is reputed to be a very fine shot, welcome beyond Bavaria on the best preserves of Austria and Hungary.

The Crown Prince of Germany, Frederick William, though he has yet to complete his twenty-second year, has made a reputation of the sort that flourishes in countries blessed with large forests. Inured to the hardships that are part of the forest life, his steady eye and ready hand go to prove that he has inherited a measure of his father's skill.

Of the Kaiser himself, on his sporting side, it is late in the day to add anything. The peculiar earnestness that has gained him so large a measure of respect in politics from parties entirely opposed to him is in evidence even when he lays aside the cares of State and goes to add to the fifty thousand and odd head of game that have fallen to his gun since he started to shoot in the year 1872. Other men similarly placed would have given up the sport; the Kaiser, on the contrary, has shot so well that it is hard to believe that it is all done single-handed.

Gustave, Crown Prince of Sweden and Duke of Wermland, whose well-laden boat testifies at once to his gifts as a sportsman and the quality of the preserves he has been visiting, is the eldest son of King Oscar II.



THE FIRST OF BRITISH SPORTSMEN: KING EDWARD VII. AT A DEER-DRIVE ON DEESIDE.
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

A photograph of more than momentary interest shows Czar Nicholas and Kaiser Franz Josef at Karlsgraben, near the hunting-box of Mürsteg, where in the intervals of sport, the great conference between the rulers of Russia and Austria was held a few weeks ago. Then and there the Austro-Russian attitude towards Turkey and the Macedonian question was discussed and defined, with results that have yet to be estimated. The meeting is likely to become historical, if only on account of the extraordinary precautions taken to preserve the Czar's safety. If a shooting-party is little more than a diplomatic fiction where the Czar is concerned—and it may be safely said that he is not fond of sport—the case with Kaiser Franz Josef is very different. He is never more happy than when he can spare a few days on one of his splendid sporting estates.

Old King George of Saxony, who has passed his seventieth year, is still devoted to the gun, though he favours the comfortable fashion of sitting in a carriage and rising when the birds begin to come over. Probably the excitement is no less. The use of shooting-ponies, which may be termed a happy medium between walking and driving to game, is common enough in this country.

PRINCELY SHOTS: REPRESENTATIVES OF EUROPEAN ROYAL FAMILIES AT THE COVERT AND BUTTS.



1. A RUSSIAN ROYAL SPORTSWOMAN: THE ARCHDUCHESS VLADIMIR.

2. THE FIRST SPORTSMAN OF ITALY: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

3. THE PRINCE REGENT LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA: WAITING FOR A SHOT ON THE OBERSEE.

4. THE FIRST SPORTSMAN OF PORTUGAL: KING CARLOS SHOOTING AT COMPIÈGNE.

5. PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA SHOOTING THE WILD BOAR.

6. IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS A STAG-HUNTER.

7. A DISTINGUISHED SCANDINAVIAN SPORTSMAN: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY WILD-DUCK SHOOTING.

8. THE FIRST GERMAN SPORTSMAN: THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND PARTY.

9. THE FIRST SPORTSMEN OF RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA: THE CZAR AND KAISER FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE HISTORICAL SHOOTING PARTY NEAR MÜRZSTEG.

10. THE FIRST SPORTSMAN OF AUSTRIA: AFTER A DAY AT MÜRZSTEG.

11. AN IMPERIAL SPORTING GUEST AND AN ARCHDUCAL HOST: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE ARCHDUKE FREDERICK'S SHOOTING PARTY IN HUNGARY.

12. THE FIRST SPORTSMAN OF DENMARK: KING CHRISTIAN IX., THE FATHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

13. THE FIRST OF SAXON SPORTSMEN: KING GEORGE OF SAXONY SHOOTING AT MANNSWÖRTH.

THE FIRST OF BRITISH SPORTSMEN: KING EDWARD VII.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING DURING A RECENT SHOOT IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

King Edward's skill with his gun is remarkable, and has been inherited by the Prince of Wales, who can also give an excellent account of himself at the covert or on the moors.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN: THE BYE-ELECTION AT DULWICH.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

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"DON'T WONDER THEY'VE GOT COATES"

MR C.F.G. MASTERMAN

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE SPEAKING AT CAMBERWELL GREEN.

"HIS COGITATIVE FACULTIES IMMERS'D IN COGIBUNDITY OF COGITATION"

(H. CAREY)

TO THE ELECTORS OF DULWICH

MRS RUSSELL

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

MR G.A. HARDY LEE

SOME SPEAKERS AT MR MASTERMAN'S MEETING.

DR MACNAMARA.

MR ROWLAND

DR RUTHERFOORD HARRIS

THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE CANVASSING THE CONSTITUENCY

VOTE FOR DR RUTHERFOORD HARRIS

DULWICH BYE-ELECTION

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A MUCH 'HARRIS'ED MAN

PARTY PERSIFLAGE.

R. CLEAVER 1903

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE PRELIMINARY CANVASS.

THE BIGGEST SOUTH AFRICAN LINER.

The inspection of the new Union Castle liner *Armadale Castle*—the largest and most powerful vessel in the South African trade—on Dec. 3 was made occasion for a luncheon that amply demonstrated the ability of her catering staff. Sir Francis Evans, M.P., who presided, Lord Stanley, Rear-Admiral Sir Digby Morant, Rear-Admiral Boyes, Mr. Mirrielees, Colonel Stacpole, Mr. Soper, and Captain Robinson were among the speech-makers. In replying for "The Colonies," Lord Stanley stated that he was a firm believer in the future of South Africa, and that he regarded the *Armadale Castle* as a great accession to the mail service, in which, as Postmaster-General, he was keenly interested. Before the war the number of the mail-bags sent per week to South Africa was seven hundred; during the war it was fifteen hundred; now it is sixteen hundred. He thanked the company for what they had done for the mail service.



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The walls of the saloon are panelled in mahogany finished in dull polish, and the ceiling and dome are painted white, the base of the latter having a handsome carved wreath round it. Hidden away above the glass with which the top of the dome is fitted is a ventilator with a powerful electric fan. Inside the saloon, a piano and an organ in specially designed cases have been placed.

The *Armadale Castle* was built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company of Glasgow.



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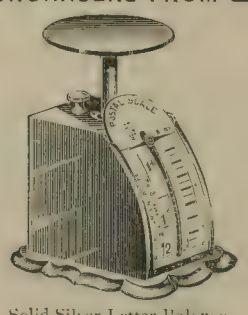
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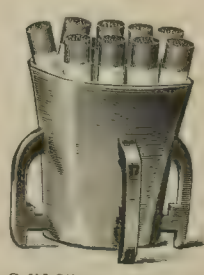
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ART NOTES.

The Goupil Gallery's exhibition of sculpture and of works in water-colour and in black-and-white gains a current and personal interest by the inclusion of nearly three dozen pastels and prints by Mr. Whistler, including those advantageously bought by Mr. Marchant the other day at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris. The single picture—a Venice nocturne—sold on that occasion has gone to America, the artist's native country, which has latterly supplied more readily than England collectors with purses that can run to what may be called, without offence, fancy prices. Mr. Whistler's unique personality has, in fact, become to the dealer in his works a portion almost of his stock-in-trade. Like the British flag, the Whistler legend has become an asset in the sale-room. For two of the pastels here shown Mr. Marchand paid in Paris, and probably with alacrity, the sum of about £140 apiece. These and some Venetian pastels, a little study of the nude, and a few lithographs and etchings of Mr. Whistler's, are grouped together at Goupil's; and, slight as they are, such pastels as the two to which reference has just been made — "La Danseuse Athénienne" and "La Femme à l'Eventail"— will attract admiration for their delicacy, their fantasy, and their completion-in-incompleteness.

From the Venetian pastels in the Whistler group we pass to the wall containing Mr. Brabazon's colour transcripts of the same city. To do so is to find ourselves once again in open air and light, and to be reminded how little Mr. Whistler ever had to do with sunshine. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say that her spirits went in and out with the sun; but of Mr. Whistler it would have to be said that his painting spirit rather went in as the sun came out. His genius took him to the night-piece and to the low tones of a London room—and how low those tones are he taught the unsuspecting citizen to perceive. London is a place not so much of shadow—for that means light somewhere—as of brooding gloom; and Mr. Whistler's art in colour—nobody says it of his work in black-and-white — answered to the pervading melancholy. He was a painter of mist and mirk, and even of fog, but not, in any true sense, of atmosphere. Mr. Brabazon, however, is all at home among Venice clarities—the city that is translucent in its pearls when it is not all of gold. Among other exhibits in what is all round an excellent show will be found a chalk-drawing by Mr. C. H. Shannon, charcoals by Mr. Mura, lithographs by M. Fantin-Latour, and some of the always impressive, and almost religious black-and-white work of the painters of the Barbizon School.

Mr. C. H. Shannon can also be seen in another quarter of London, for his lithographs are at Mr. John Ballie's Gallery, Prince's Terrace, W. Some of the



THE VILLAGE, NOW ALMOST DESERTED, SHOWING ROCKS FORMERLY COVERED.



PROOF OF THE DISTURBANCE: ROCKS (ON THE RIGHT) FORMERLY COVERED BY SAND.

THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA ON THE SOUTH DEVON COAST: SCENES NEAR THE DISAPPEARING VILLAGE OF HALL SANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. F. GAY.

Nearly all the foreshore sands have been taken away by contractors for building purposes, and this has permitted the encroachment of the sea upon the village, and the further wearing down of the beach. The rocks in the foreground of the photographs were, until the recent disappearance of the sands, entirely hidden, and in one case a row of flat rocks not unlike tombstones has come to light.



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"Van Houten's Cocoa."

woodcuts of Mr. C. S. Ricketts are appropriately on view at the same time and place; while another agreeable room is devoted to Mrs. L. Murray Robertson's painted silk fans. It may be doubted whether the painted fan, at the height of its glory at Versailles, was ever really so gay an object as it set out to be; but Mrs. Robertson has undeniably got a glimpse into those familiarly conventional forests, and revives the beauty and the charm of enchanted times when ladies could sit to be adored in low dresses in woods with no fear of spoiling their clothes on dank grass, and with no dreary sequel of pneumonia.

Steinlen has an exhibition of his own in Paris, at 32, Rue Saint Georges. The paintings, posters and lithographs put upon view represent the work of many years past, and show him, therefore, at his best. Steinlen's fine qualities are familiar to Englishmen with an eye to character-drawing or to the tones of a wall in sunshine or shadow. In half-a-dozen respects Steinlen ranks as a master unsurpassed among his contemporaries. But the shores of Bohemia have been no fable to him; he has in some degree suffered shipwreck thereon; and it is impossible to think of Steinlen's productions, very numerous and very varied, without coming to a regretful conclusion that, great artist as he is, he is, as the phrase goes, a Parisian first and an artist afterwards.



Photo. Mayne, Putney.

A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER OF ANIMAL SUBJECTS: MISS MAUD EARL, FROM WHOM THE KING HAS JUST PURCHASED A PAINTING OF HIS DOGS.

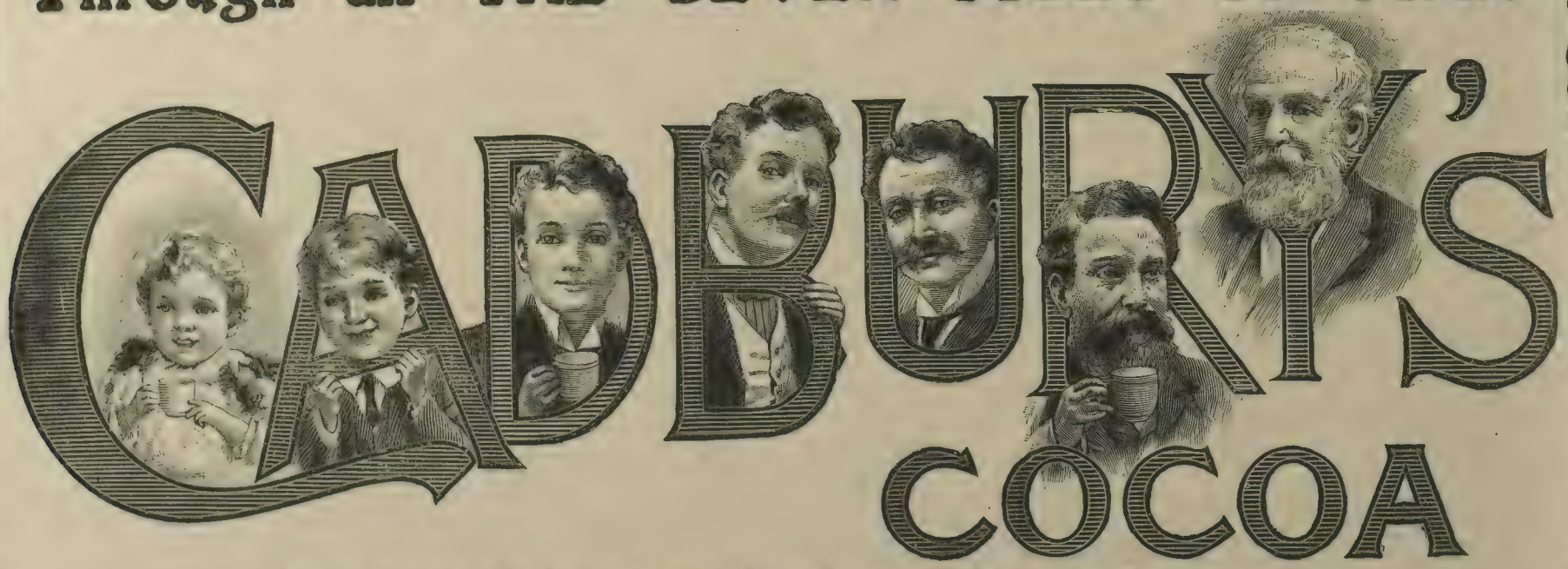
The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers have elected M. Rodin their president in succession to Mr. Whistler. M. Rodin is so well known in London—one of his works has the popularity of a place in the South Kensington Museum—that we must confess to being a little taken aback by the particularising of him in a prominent announcement in the columns of a paper read by the educated class as "Rodin, the distinguished sculptor."

The sculptors are planning for segregation; and a Society of Sculptors is about to be formed in London with its own rules, constitution, and, probably, place of exhibition.

Autographs of Mr. Whistler, recently sold in Paris, fetched sums ranging from about £1 to £4 according to their length and importance. Whistler, it will be remembered, took a keen interest in the "Atelier Carmen" in the Paris of his later years; and the letters sold appear to be those that were addressed by Whistler to "Madame Carmen R." during the progress of the scheme.

W. M.

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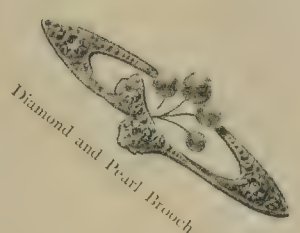
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan will return at the end of December from their visit to Valescures, on the Mediterranean. They will settle at Bishopthorpe immediately after Christmas. It is gratifying to learn that the Archbishop's health has been completely restored.

The Bishop of London is to hold a Confirmation at St. Paul's Cathedral on Dec. 12 These events are the most interesting in the annual history of the Cathedral, and very large congregations are expected. The Bishop lately visited Oxford, and addressed a crowded congregation at the University Church.

The Bishop of Manchester has now entered upon full work in the diocese. His first public appearance was at the annual meeting of the S.P.G., when he received a hearty welcome from a vast audience assembled in the Free Trade Hall. Dr. Knox is evidently determined to support the work of foreign missions with all his energy. He appealed to his Manchester hearers not to be led away by the criticisms of men who, while in India, had never seen a missionary, or by the arithmeticians who insist upon dividing the pounds subscribed by the number of converts made.

Dr. Herbert Lankester, originator of the Million Shillings Fund, started on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, says that the response has already been most encouraging. Proposals have been sent out to over seven thousand local officers of the society, and Dr. Lankester had last week received £600 in cash and £1300 in promises. The new secretary feels that before attending to any questions of general organisation he must try to increase the income for the current year, so that no curtailment of the work may be necessary.

Much regret was caused by the announcement that the Master of the Temple had resigned the Canonry in Bristol Cathedral, which he has held for the past sixteen years. Canon Ainger suffered from a sharp attack of influenza in the summer, and has been for some time in feeble health. He finds that a residence in Bristol during three months of the most inclement season of the year will be a risk too great for him to face, and with characteristic independence he declines to receive an income for a position the duties of which must be performed by others.

The Bishop of Liverpool has recovered from the effects of his recent accident. He was confined to the house for several weeks; but is now able to go about the diocese. His doctors have, however, warned him to "hasten slowly."

Spohr's "Last Judgment" was magnificently rendered at St. Paul's Cathedral on the first Tuesday in Advent. The oratorio was performed by the ordinary choir of the cathedral, who were accompanied by a surpliced orchestra of about forty performers. Among the clergy present were the Bishop of Stepney, Canons Scott Holland and Newbolt, and Archdeacon Sinclair.



Photo. Anglo-German Press.

CLERICAL ECONOMY: A VICAR DECORATING HIS OWN CHURCH.

The Rev. J. H. Lewthwaite, of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, Vicar of one of the poorest congregations in London, has just saved a decorator's bill of £300 by gilding his own chancel. The Vicar had a few lessons from a professional, and soon became expert. He is a man of extraordinary energy, and his church is not a penny in debt, although it recently spent £3000 on restoration.

An illuminated address has been presented to the Bishop of Bristol as a memento of the Church Congress, which was recently held in the city. The address was signed by nearly all the clergy and churchwardens of the diocese, and was presented by the Dean on behalf of himself and the Chapter. It is handsomely bound in purple leather, with a Bishop's mitre and the arms of the see.

A beautiful new pulpit of stone and marble is to be placed in Bristol Cathedral. It is the gift of Mrs. Coleman, a Clifton resident, and a relation of Canon Barnett. The total cost of the pulpit is to be nearly a thousand pounds, and the dedication will take place on Christmas Day.

The *Church Times* notes with approval that the Borough Council of Paddington opens its meetings with prayer, which is said by the chaplain, all the members standing. The form used is an adaptation of that employed by the Speaker's Chaplain in the House of Commons, which is said to date from 1660.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell's congregation at the City Temple on Thursdays have never been larger than in November and in the first weeks of the present month. Groups of people may be seen standing near the Holborn entrances. For those who wish to hear Mr. Campbell and whose time is limited it is best to go to the City Temple at half past twelve, as the musical part of the service precedes the sermon.

V.

This year the Art Union of London issues to members a particularly fine etching by Mr. C. O. Murray after Mr. Stanhope Forbes' well-known painting, "Good-Bye; Off to Skibbereen." Mr. Murray has been exceedingly happy in translating the broad effects by which Mr. Stanhope Forbes' work is so distinguished.

The complaint that we live in an age sadly lacking in distinguished men and women receives little corroboration from the ever-growing bulk of "Who's Who," of which the volume for 1904 (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. lies on our table. Last year the excellent compendium of general information that used to preface "Who's Who" had to be omitted on account of the increasing number of biographies; but this was so much missed that, in response to many suggestions, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black have now issued the information as a separate booklet, under the title of "Who's Who Yearbook." Its price is one shilling.

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Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

None Genuine without the Signature of Scrubb & Co. on each Bottle.

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In making *Sunlight Soap*

We get the Purest Materials FIRST:-

We make the Best Soap NEXT:-

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THE LADY:- "*Give me some of your Best Soap.*"
THE GROCER:- "*SUNLIGHT, madam, of course.*"

The result is

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An Effective Cleanser;

Rapid, Pure, Sweet, without being strong, with no fumes harmful to health or offensive to the senses. It is a Perfect Soap, cheaper than common soap and without its vices.

Washes easily! quickly! cleanly!

NO RUBBING! NO BOILING!

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name Lever on Soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The silver challenge shield figured on this page was presented to the East London Royal Engineers by the late Colonel Whetherly, and is to be competed for annually at the inter-company engineering tests. The central design represents temporary bridging operations in South Africa. Messrs. Hancocks and Co., 152, New Bond Street, are the makers of the trophy.

Mr. Louis Wain's fertility of imagination in delineating cats seems to be inexhaustible, and the proof is found in his "Annual" (Hutchinson. 1s.) for 1903, which contains over a hundred original drawings The illustrations are reinforced by a very large number of literary contributions, and the writers include the Princess Dolgorouki, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Keble Howard, and Mr. Collingwood Ingram. An additional point of interest is an article by the late Mr. A. D. Vandam.

It is somewhat surprising that so large and representative a body as the furniture trade has not hitherto possessed a provident and benevolent association, but this gap in its organisation has now been satisfactorily filled, and at an inaugural banquet held on Dec. 5 at the Criterion a society with this excellent object was successfully set afoot. The chair was occupied by Mr. S. J. Waring junior, and a distinguished company included Lord Windsor, Lord Monkswell, the Dean of Norwich, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the Hon. Rupert Guinness, Mr. J. W. Benn; and the Hon. Claude Hay, M.P., and Sir W. Treloar, who, with Earl de Grey, have become trustees. The aim of the pioneers of this society, who are, besides Mr. Waring, Mr. T. S. Downing Lawrence, Mr. C. F. Marriner, and Mr. Charles Dunk, is to collect £20,000, which will be devoted to the establishment at Radlett, Herts, of a convalescent home, two schools for orphans, and ten houses for the aged. Mr. Harris Lebus is hon. treasurer.



A MILITARY ENGINEERING CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, viâ Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Thursday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

In connection with the Christmas and New Year traffic the Midland Railway Company have made the most complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of parcels in all the chief towns on their system. Frequent collections of parcels will be made from the receiving offices, and the traffic will be dispatched by first train after receipt.

The Great Northern Railway have also made special and complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels traffic to and from all towns on their system.

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GOLD MEDAL.

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Good morning, Sir!
Brought my Cocoa?
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Which Cocoa?
PLASMON COCOA, Sir!

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PLASMON itself **is not a drug, but it is the nutritive substance of pure fresh milk,** and is the most nourishing, the most strengthening of all foods—nothing to equal it. It does not fatten—but it builds muscle, brain, and nerve.

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I certainly will, Sir.

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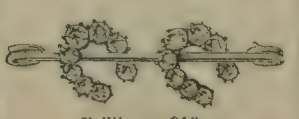
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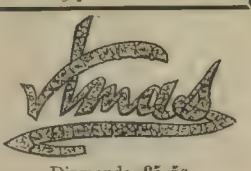
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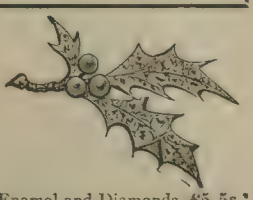
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For Christmas Presents

MUSIC.

On the afternoon of Dec. 3 Miss Rosina Filippi and Miss Gigia Filippi gave a most enjoyable and original recital at the Steinway Hall. Miss Rosina Filippi recited with a rare charm and scholarly method some delightful excerpts from prose-writers, giving evidence of dramatic skill, sympathy, and spontaneous humour. She began with two delicate, quaint extracts from Charles Lamb's works, "The New Year's Coming of Age" and "Old China." Her next selection was that wonderful piece of word-painting, "The Swarm," from Maurice Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee." All, however, paled before a beautiful rendering of "The Story of Peter Pan" by J. M. Barrie. Miss Gigia Filippi, who has a light voice, not always under perfect control, gave some dramatic renderings of old ballads, declaimed rather than sung, with appropriate dramatic gestures. She succeeds where many another imitator of her unique method might easily lamentably fail. She gave, with a pianoforte accompaniment, in this fashion, two early sixteenth-century ballads, "The Three Ravens" and "King John and the Abbot," an old Manx air, "Myle Charaine," and a delightful old Cornish air, "Where be going?" the inspiration of "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

On Thursday, Dec. 3, the Royal Choral Society gave at the Albert Hall in the evening a performance of "Hiawatha," and a very creditable performance it was. Mr. Coleridge Taylor's Indian music, with its fantastic tripping measures to illustrate the quaint metrical chants and dances of the poet, are amazingly popular, and I do not think the Royal Choral Society ever succeeds better than when it is occupying itself with this cantata. The chorus was excellent, if once at fault, and very occasionally not quite smartly on the beat at beginning and ending. It sang with spirit and vitality and crispness, which are so essential to so large a chorus. Madame Sobrino, Mr. Ffrangçon Davies, and Mr. William Green, with his beautiful solo "Onaway," all sang admirably. Sir Frederick Bridge conducted excellently, and maintained the society's high order of work.

It is satisfactory to note that Mr. Robert Newman's testimonial concert at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, was well attended. The programme was an interesting one. It included the "Egmont" overture of Beethoven, the "Casse Noisette" Suite of Tschaikowsky, and his Sixth Symphony. There was an equally crowded audience at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening for the Richter Concert. Dr. Richter conducted, as usual, brilliantly, and was heard to the greatest advantage in the "Faust" overture of Wagner. Mr. Ffrangçon Davies sang Wotan's "Abschied" with Miss Brema.

The most interesting event of the current week is the Centenary Celebration of Berlioz, at the Queen's Hall on Dec. 11. Dr. Richard Strauss is the conductor.

M. I. H.

The Criterion Restaurant, which was first opened to the public on November 17, 1873, has been altered and improved in many respects from time to time. Thus, in 1899, the East Room was reconstructed, and, together with the West Room, decorated in a new style. A year later, the new buffet, which is one of the sights of London, was opened. In pursuance of this up-to-date policy, some important alterations tending further to the public comfort have just been completed. The most noteworthy of these changes is the reconstruction of the King's Room, a handsome apartment fifty-two feet in length by twenty-four in width, which is approached from the wide staircase of the main, or Piccadilly, entrance. Special features of this room are the new oak panelling and the latest scientific mode of ventilation. The panelling, which has an exceedingly handsome effect, surrounds the room to the height of eight feet, and is the work of Messrs. Howard and Son, of Berners Street. Above is some ornamental stencilled tapestry, while the ceiling is covered with Anaglypta decorations, and the lighting is from electric lamps fixed immediately under the ceiling. At an inaugural dinner on Dec. 8 Messrs. Spiers and Pond entertained many distinguished guests.



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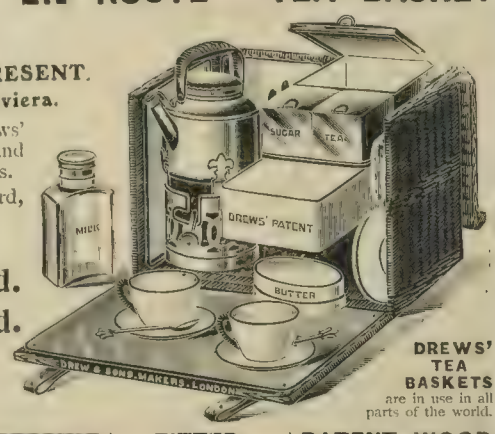
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ROWLAND'S KALYDOR



Blow Winds and Crack your Cheeks;
Your rages harm no more
The Tender Skin of those who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.

The most Soothing, Healing, and **Curative Milk** for the skin ever known. It **Prevents** the **Skin Chapping,** allays **Irritation** caused by exposure to Cold Winds or Damp Atmosphere, **Soothes** and **Heals Cutaneous Eruptions,** Redness and Roughness, produces **Soft, Fair Skin,** and arrays the Neck, Hands, and Arms in **Matchless Whiteness** unobtainable by any other means. Bottles **2/3** and **4/6.**

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What The Daily Telegraph says:

"That the new piano-player has plenty of expressive possibilities was very clearly shown at a recital given yesterday at the well-known premises in Great Marlborough Street. There the newcomer discoursed sweet music, accompanying the voice and violin. Nothing could have been better than the results of this severe trial. Clearly the Metzler Piano-Player will take a high place in the field which it entered yesterday, and its comparative cheapness will give it an advantage not enjoyed by its rivals."—(November 13, 1903.)

What The Pall Mall Gazette says:

"There is no question but that this is again one of those marvellous inventions by which pianoforte-playing is made easy, and by which they who like to have their own musical feelings interpreted without any trouble may accomplish that interesting achievement and feel, at the same time, that they are truly artistic."—(November 13, 1903.)

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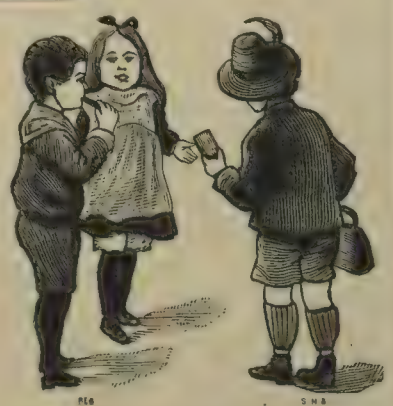
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1899), with a codicil (of Aug. 24, 1903), of Miss Susanna Peckover, of Harecroft House, Wisbech St. Peter, who died on Oct. 18, has been proved by Alexander Peckover, the brother, and Miss Algerina Peckover, the sister, and William Henry Clarke, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £157,269. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Wisbech Working Men's Club and Institute, the North Cambridgeshire Hospital, the Wisbech Branch of the Bible Society, the Friends' Foreign Mission, and the Friends' Schools at Ackworth; and £100 to the Wisbech Museum. She also gives her contingent interest in certain property, subject to the life interest of Christopher Bowly, to her brother Alexander and her sister Algerina; £6000 to her sister Wilhelmina; the Harecroft estate and her real property at Wisbech St. Peter to her sister Algerina; £1000 to Miss Sendell; £1000 each to Christopher Bowly and Sarah A. Bowly; £500 to her cousin Marianna Brown; £100 to William Henry Clarke; and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to one fifth each to her sisters Algerina, Priscilla, Hannah Jane, and Wilhelmina, and the other one fifth as to £1000 to James Doyle Penrose, and the remainder thereof between her nieces Elizabeth Josephine Penrose, Alexandrina Peckover, and Anna Jane Peckover.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1901), with a codicil (dated Jan. 11, 1903), of Mr. George Harwood, of 84, Maida Vale, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Nov. 27 by William Harwood and George Edmund Absell, the nephews, and William Monday, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,082. The testator gives £22,000 to his nephew George Edmund Absell and £7000 to his wife, Alice; £20,000 to his sister Sarah Absell; £20,000 to his nephew William Harwood; £5000 each to his niece Elizabeth Pearce and William Monday; £7200, his house and furniture, and the income from £8000 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Prissy Harwood; £2000 each to his nephews and nieces, Harry Absell, Frederick William Harwood Garner, Stanley Harwood Garner, Nellie Pengelly, Florence Ward, Rose Monday, and Alice Edith Cridland; and £500 each to the London Hospital, the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road. The residue of his property he leaves as to five parts each to his wife and sister, Mrs. Absell, four parts to his nephew William Harwood, three parts to his nephew George Edmund Absell, and one part each to Elizabeth Pearce, Harry Absell, F. W. H. Garner, S. H. Garner, Nellie Pengelly, Florence Ward, Rose Monday, and Alice Edith Cridland.

The will (dated July 16, 1901) of Mr. Thoma Shelford Bidwell, of Thetford, Norfolk, and of Cooll Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 11, was prov Nov. 27 by Shelford Bidwell, the brother, and Rev. George Woodward Bidwell, the cousin, the v of the estate being £124,954. He bequeaths £10 annuity of £850, and the household furniture to his w Mrs Lucy Emma Bidwell; £1000 each to his executo an annuity of £60 to Theophila Ann Bidwell; £25 to the parishes of St. Cuthbert, St. Mary, and St. P Thetford, for the poor; £300 each to John C. B. Wind and Charles Henry Reynolds; and legacies to serva He gives a piece of land at Thetford to be held with Vicarage and Church of St. Cuthbert, and to form p of the Glebe. The residue of his property he le equally among his children.

Mr. T. J. Bell, of Ramsgate, aged sixty-two, w died on Sept. 26, left £61,000. After giving sev pecuniary legacies and annuities, he leaves the resi of his estate to charities. We are informed that t charities which will benefit are the National Life-B Institution, the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain Cattle-Trough Association, Royal Sea-Bathing Hosp

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A handsome case and poor works do not make a good watch. Good works with an ugly case do not make a nice watch. But perfect, true timekeeping works, with artistic design in cases and highest grade material used, go to make the perfect watch.

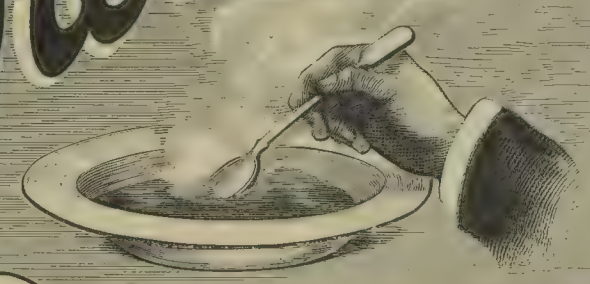
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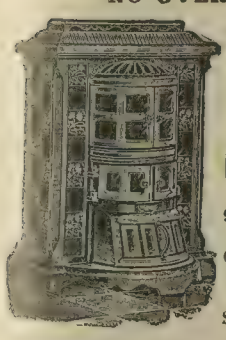
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Deaf Persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described.

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A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.
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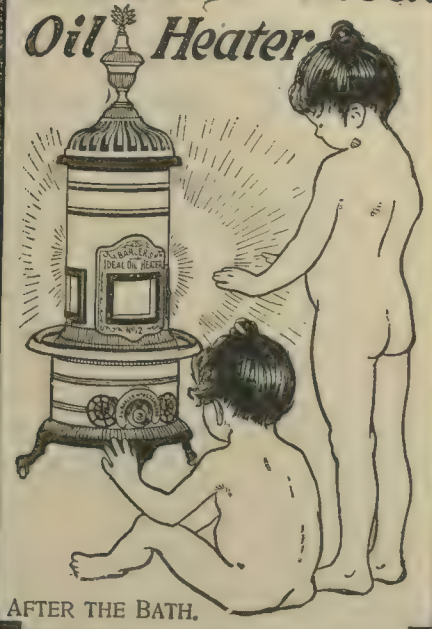


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Margate, and Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The will (dated May 23, 1901) of Mr. Samuel Thomas Turtle, of 141, St. John's Hill, New Wandsworth, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Nov. 13 by Benjamin John Turtle, the brother, and George James Rowley, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,561 9s. 5d. Subject to four small legacies to persons in his employ, the testator leaves all his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his mother, Elizabeth Turtle, for life, and then to his brothers and sisters, Frederick Robert, Benjamin John, Alice Rose, and Jane Langton as joint tenants; and on the death of the survivor of them, he gives a sum not exceeding one fourth of such residue to the Battersea Chapel Sunday School; and one moiety of the remainder each to the Baptist Building Fund and the London Baptist Association Sites Fund.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1902) of Mr. Horace Devas, of Spondon Hall, Derby, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Nov. 20 by Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth Devas, the widow, and Horace George Devas, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,714. The testator gives £2000, the household effects, crops, and the income from the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto he leaves his estate and effects to his nephew.

The will (dated March 29, 1901) of Mr. William Henry Roberts, of 41, Holland Park Avenue, W., who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Nov. 18 by Mrs. Kate Alice Roberts, the widow, and Daniel Bingham, the value of the estate being sworn at £42,106. The testator bequeaths £15,000 to his wife; £15,000 to his son Henry Croydon Roberts; £500 to Daniel Bingham; £500 to his half-brother Thomas Roberts; £500 to the Rev. Thomas Roberts; and £1000 to Miss Susan Watson Parrott. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated June 1, 1903) of Colonel Sir Francis Aylmer Graves-Sawle, Bart., M.V.O., Coldstream Guards, of Penrice, Cornwall, and Barley, Exeter, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Nov. 27 by Daniel Henry Shelson, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £36,674. Subject to an annuity of £40 to his groom, Patrick Gillingham, the testator leaves all his property to his brother Sir Charles John Graves-Sawle, R.N.

The will (dated July 2, 1901) of Mr. Charles Henry Wyndham à Court Repington, of Amington Hall, Tamworth, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Emily à Court Repington, the widow, the value of the estate being £30,391. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated June 26, 1894) of the Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky, O.M., of 38, Onslow Gardens, who died on Oct. 22, has been proved, the value of the estate being £30,127. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister, Miss R. C. J. Lecky, and leaves the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Catherina Elizabeth B. Lecky.

Referring to the will of Mr. Henry Luker, reported in our issue of Nov. 21, the second Christian name of Mr. Merritt, one of the executors, was by mistake stated to be "Harry." His second name is "Downes," as it should have been so given.

London Office 20 Cockspur St. S.W.

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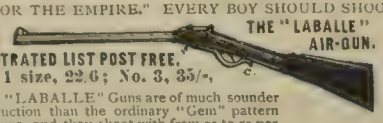
Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

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IS THE TYPICAL, WELL-MATURED "SCOTCH."

JUST THE THING FOR XMAS.

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(BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.)

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Popular Set, 1/-

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Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

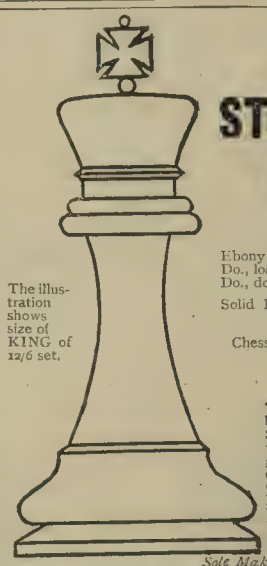
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Children's,	1/3 doz.	
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Ebony and Boxwood, 12/6, 15/-, 17/6
Do., loaded with lead .. 25/- 35/-
Do., do., full Club size 45/-
Solid Ivory, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Guine. per set.

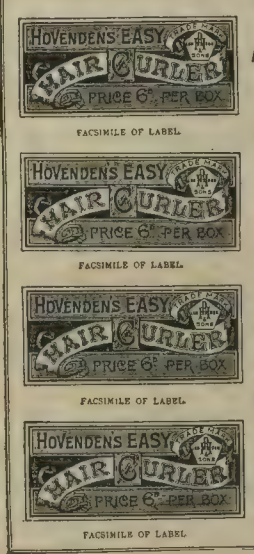
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FOR COUGHS & COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

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HIGH PRESSURE STEAM PREPARED

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Ordinary Gas Jet
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CANDLE POWER LIGHT
Burns **5** feet of gas per hour.



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CANDLE POWER LIGHT
Burns **3** feet of gas per hour.

More Light, Less Cost!

ONE No. 3 Welsbach-Kern Burner and Mantle gives a light of 75 candle power, this

Equals SIX Ordinary Gas Burners
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All Stores and Ironmongers sell fully warranted Welsbach-Kern Mantles from 6d. Welsbach-Kern Burners in six sizes, from 2/6. Be careful to see the Trade Mark "**AUR**," and

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"What do you think of it?"



"We think it's jolly good!"

Rowntree's
ELECT Cocoa

is delicious, economical, and nourishing. A wholesome and nutritious food-beverage for young and old.

YOU TRY IT!

Registered Nos., 342,186/7.

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PATENT
SPIRAL PUTTEES

Are so shaped as to Wind on Spirally from Ankle to Knee and to Fit Closely to the Leg with Even Pressure Without any Turns or Twists.

Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT," and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on Application.

The Spat Puttee has been adopted by the War Office for Officers' wear.

The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's Government.

NO MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED. WILL FIT ANY LEG. MADE OF ALL WOOL.

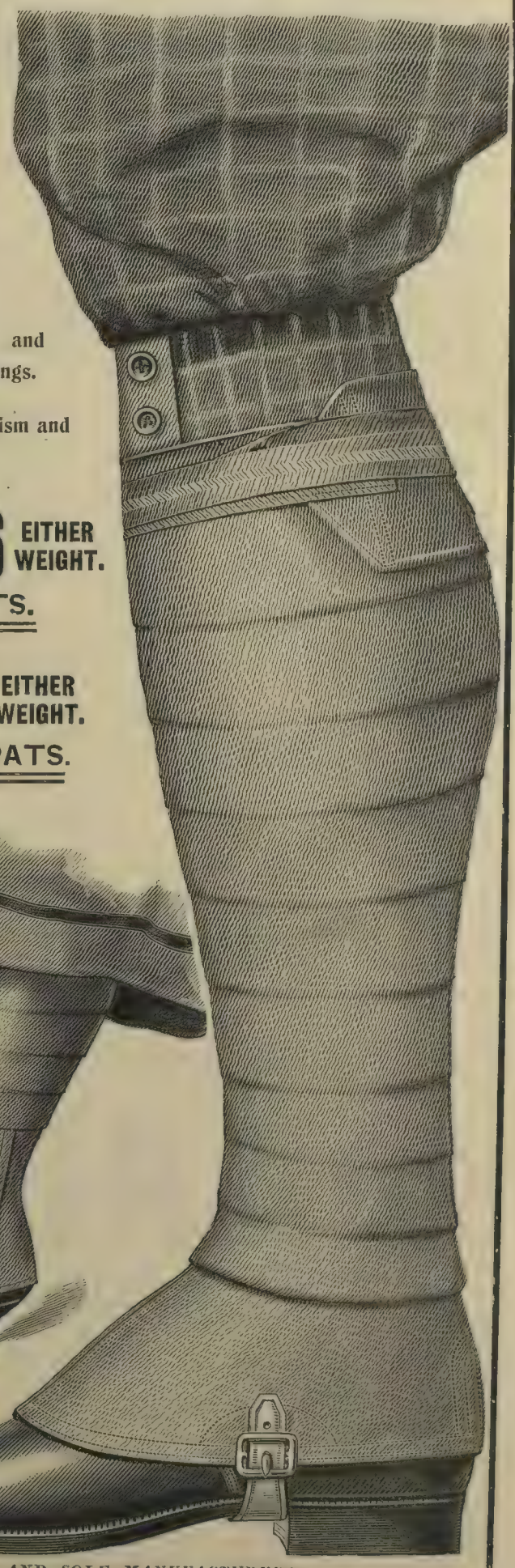
A MOST COMFORTABLE SUPPORT TO THE LEG.

For Rough Hard Wear, no Leg Covering has ever been Invented Equal to the "PUTTEE."

Can be Worn under Trousers to Keep the Leg Dry in Wet or Snow.

Can be Used with Shoes and With or Without Stockings.

Recommended for Rheumatism and Varicose Veins.



PRICE PER PAIR. 10/6 EITHER WEIGHT.
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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

LIGHT WEIGHT.
Per Pair.
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Send Size of Boot.

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OUR NATURAL HISTORY PICTURES.

At a recent scientific meeting of the Zoological Society of London, Mr. F. E. Beddard, F.R.S., exhibited on behalf of Mr. G. A. Doubleday a curious specimen in spirit of the common rat. With the exception of the bristles or whiskers on the face, it was entirely devoid of hair, and the skin, of a leaden-grey colour, was wrinkled all over the body into loose folds. What the cause of this hairlessness and condition of skin could be was not stated at the meeting, as there had been no opportunity of microscopically examining the specimen; but some of the members present expressed an opinion that it was disease, and others that it was congenital. That the abnormality was congenital in the specimen exhibited was probably correct, as we are informed by Mr. W. Golding, who caught it at Leyton, Essex, that he has two exactly similar examples in his possession and has seen several others running about; but the ancestors were probably affected by some disease which destroyed the hair follicles, and this state has become permanent in their descendants. A pair of mice in the same state of wrinkled nakedness were exhibited at the Zoological Society in 1856, and were figured in the society's "Proceedings" for that year. These were stated to have produced young exactly similar to themselves. Another specimen of mouse in the same condition is said to be in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Mr. Oldfield Thomas exhibited a specimen of the Somali wild burrowing rat. It lives in the sand, never coming above the surface; feeds on bulbs and roots, and its scientific name is *Heterocephalus phillipsi*. It was discovered in 1885 by Mr. E. Lort Phillips. The specimen we illustrate was obtained by Dr. A. G. W. Bowen, R.N.

For many hundreds of years singing insects have, in Japan, been the subject of poems, songs, and superstitions. During the hot summer months of July and August, Japanese girls and women are generally interested in the "suzu mushi." The varieties of singing insects are too numerous for detailed account; but insects of the cricket and grasshopper class are not only hunted for in the open fields, but are also bred in captivity by men who devote their entire lives to the study of these insects. There are insects that fetch as much as a shilling each—a large sum to the Japanese girl. Some of them are no larger than a good-sized mosquito; others, such as the semi or cicada, range up to an inch and three-quarters in length. The insects are enclosed in most beautiful bamboo cages, ranging in size from an inch and a half square to some ten inches square, and varying in price according to the delicacy or elaborateness of their manufacture. If the song of some of the insects is heard, though it may last but a few seconds, it may denote great luck in one's love affairs. Others are credited with affecting the health. Others, again, make sounds as of running water, and a pair of these at the bed-head in the hot weather are said to make the hearer cool. The first Illustration shows a suzu-mushi seller with his cages arranged for sale. A girl is earnestly bargaining for one of the insects. On the top of the cage is the sign denoting the varieties of insects for sale. The second Illustration shows the sign more clearly; and the remaining pictures show various cages, some of them containing insects.

The new Chinese monkey (*Rhinopithecus Brelichi*), of which a skin was exhibited by Mr. Oldfield Thomas at an autumn meeting of the Zoological Society, is the third species of its genus known. Mr. Henry Brelich, who obtained the specimen from a hunter, gives the habitat of the monkey as approximately the Van Gin Shan Range, about 108 deg. E. 29 deg. N. in the north of the province of Kwei-Chow, Central China. The general colour of the back is a glossy slaty grey, the hairs grey to the roots, with shining tips. Between the shoulders is a prominent oval white patch, five inches by two inches, the hairs white to the roots. The ears are white and are in marked contrast to the head. Apart from the anthropoids, this magnificent monkey is one of the largest in the world. The skin has been presented to the National Museum. The owl we illustrate is described under the picture.

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Exquisitely Rendered, can always be heard if you possess A



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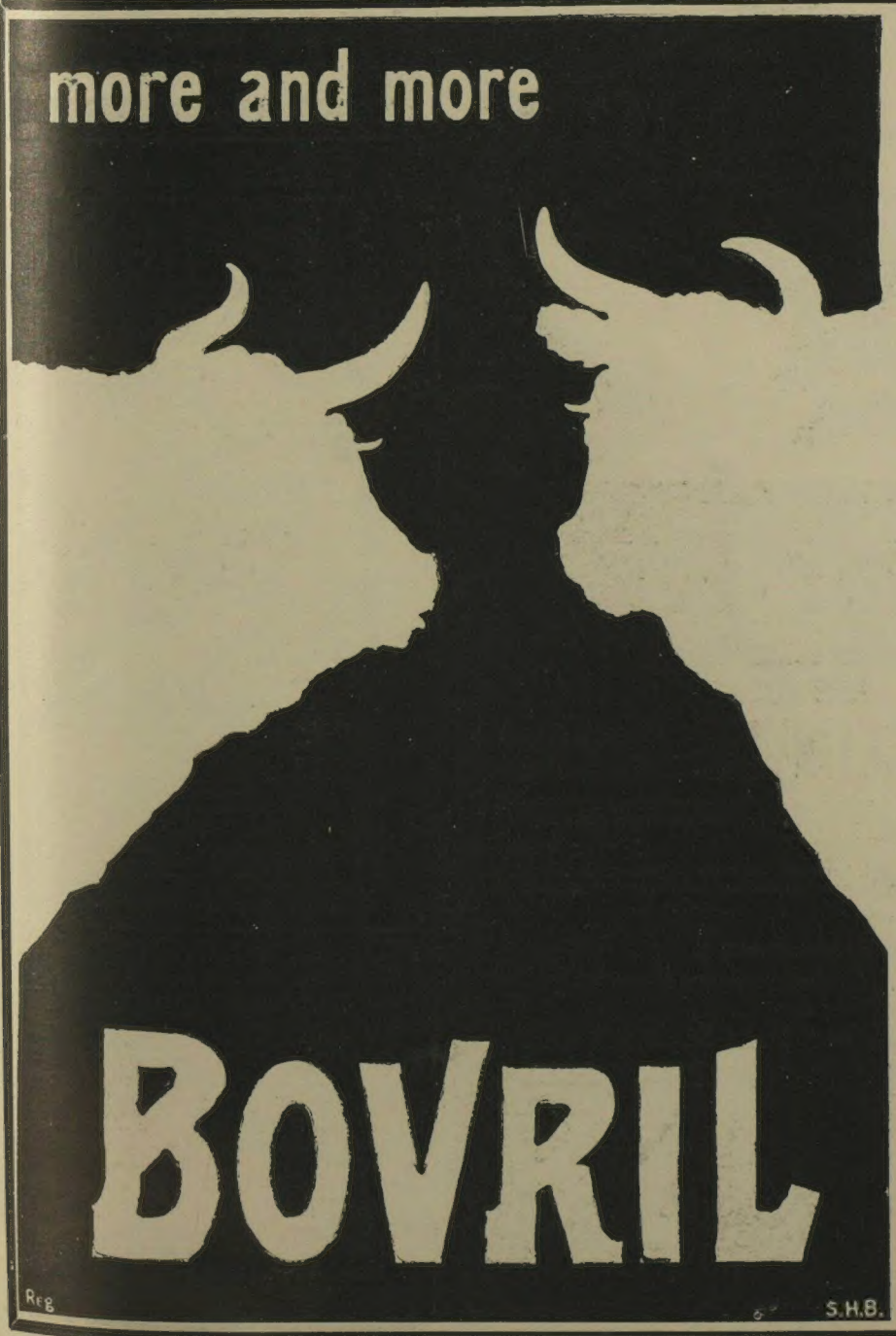
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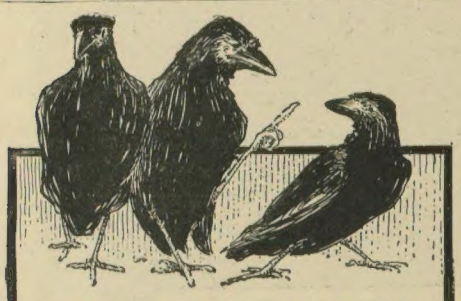
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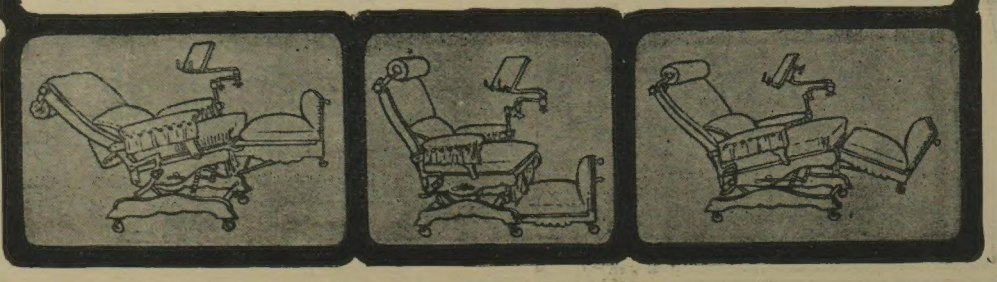
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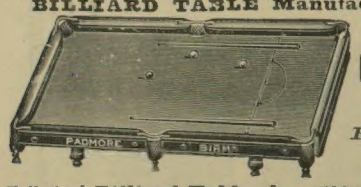
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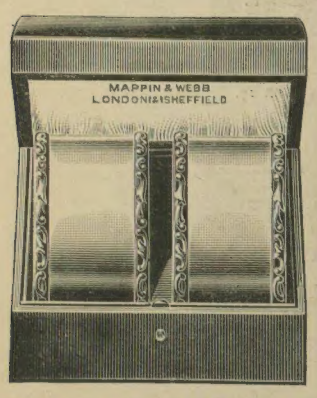
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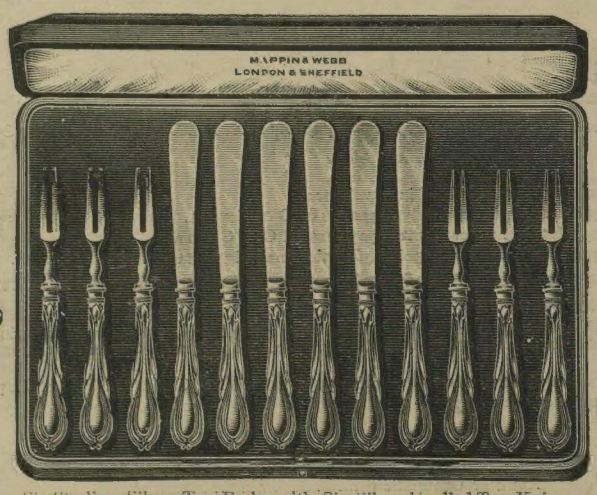
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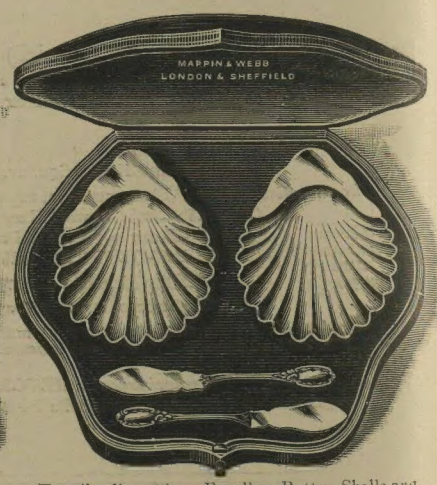
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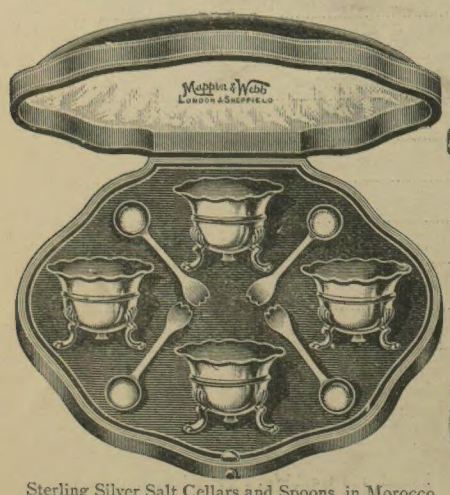


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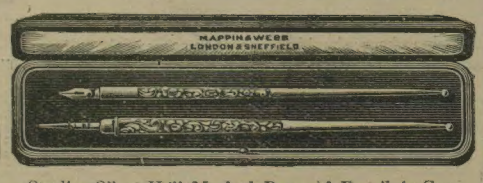


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